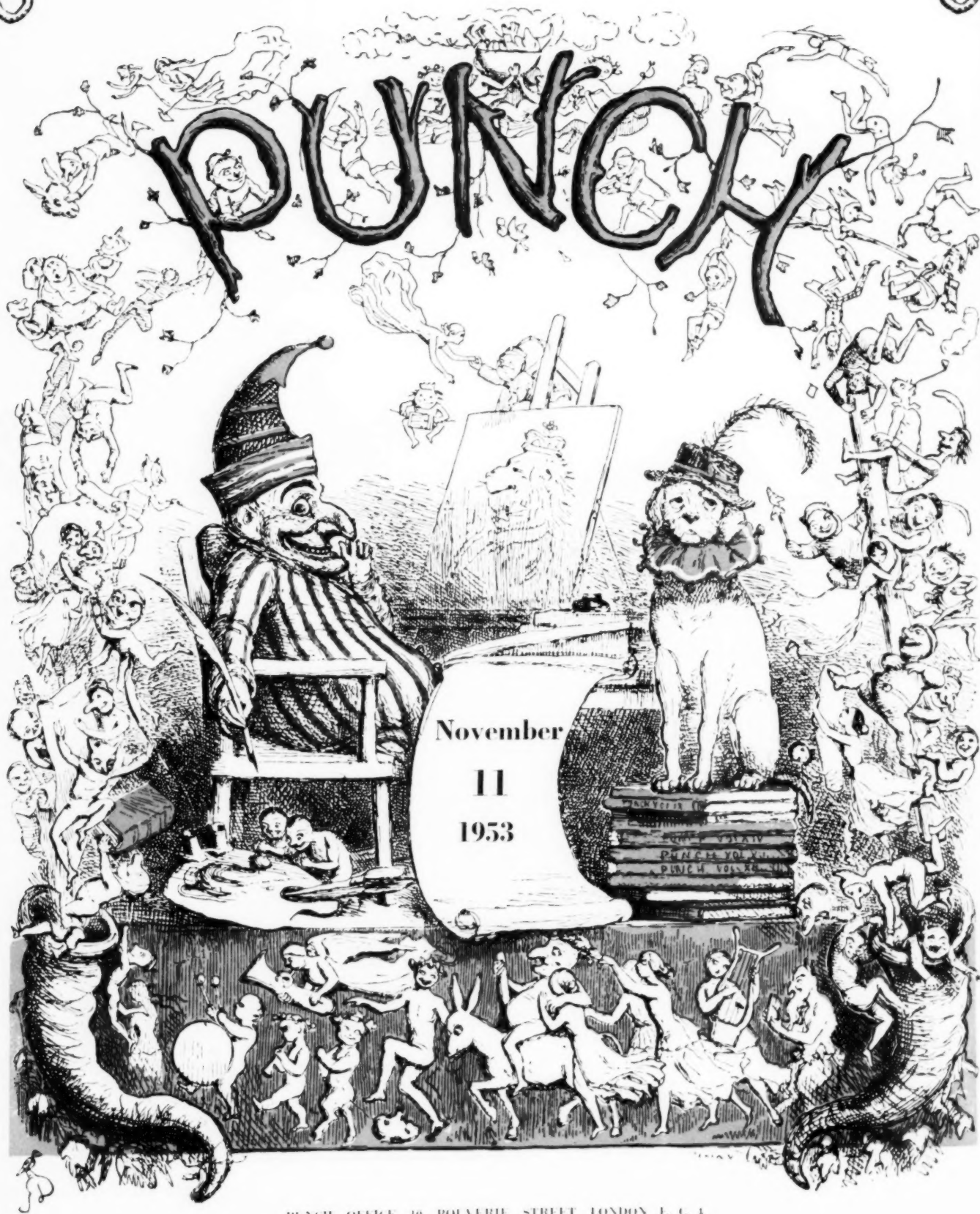


6

PUNCH or The London Charivari—November 11 1953

6



PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

You start with something extra

LUCAS

CAR BATTERIES

FITTED WITH



THE FINEST SEPARATOR
YET FITTED TO ANY
MODERN CAR BATTERY

*Many other
exclusive features*
AND

2 YEARS
Insured Life
AT NO EXTRA COST!



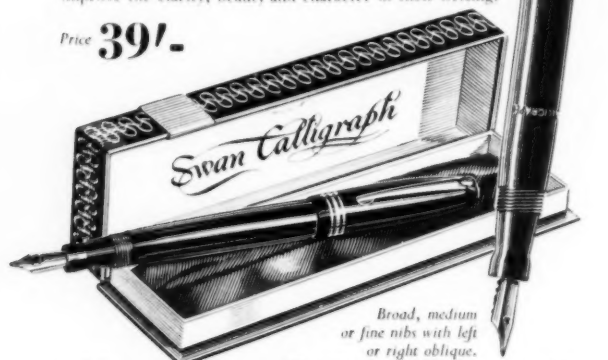
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for full details of this
Unique Battery Renew-
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(Applicable to the British
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Cultivate the art of beautiful writing

Swan Calligraph is a very handsome pen—a glance at it in this lovely presentation case places that beyond doubt. But Calligraph is more—it is no ordinary pen. Calligraph is designed to the specification of eminent calligraphers. It is the passport to the fascinating art of beautiful writing. The special hand ground 14 ct. GOLD NIB enables anybody with a little practice to acquire the graceful graduated writing of the famous masters of Calligraphy, and to improve the clarity, beauty and character of their writing.

Price **39/-**



Broad, medium
or fine nibs with left
or right oblique.

Swan Calligraph

FOR BEAUTIFUL WRITING

CHEMICALS

ABRASIVES

MARINE

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British Patent No. 580792

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*is pumping an astonishing
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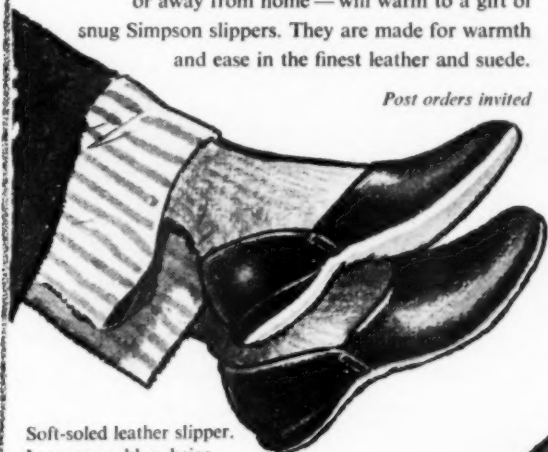
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Men who care for their comfort about the house — or away from home — will warm to a gift of snug Simpson slippers. They are made for warmth and ease in the finest leather and suede.

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Soft-soled leather slipper.
In maroon, blue, beige,
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half-sizes 6—12. £1.7.6



Grecian style house
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and calf. Wine, green, brown or
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For the traveller; soft
leather slippers in a case.
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... by this device you shall know the best! When buying presents the name "Tallent" is your surety of perfection in craftsmanship, design and finish.

The illustrations are examples from a wide range and are stocked by every good Tobacconist, Jeweller and Fancy Goods Dealer.

"Slim" Cigarette Case, 19/6

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Even in these hurrying days there are no short cuts to greatness in Scotch whisky. Slowly and steadfastly Old Angus comes of age, gathering wisdom and authority with every passing year until maturity brings true perfection.

Then—and only then—when it is smooth and subtle and full of years, this noble Scotch is sent out into the world to show men the miracle that careful blending and rare patience in the ageing have achieved.

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A Noble Scotch—Blended for Connoisseurs





*First chosen for their loveliness
and ever after
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DO YOU LIKE TO FLOAT

... on a firm mattress like a swan's feather on the surface of a quiet river.



OR SNUGGLE?



... on a soft mattress cosy and warm, cradled in comfort, curled up like a kitten in front of the fire.

A JOHN PERRING Enterprise

The London Bedding Centre
gives you a choice in this Vi-Spring MATTRESS

At last, a spring interior mattress with two degrees of softness. Come and choose your own type of comfort.

SAME PRICE SAME QUALITY	Mattress	Single size: 4ft. £27-13-0	Double size: 4ft. 6in. £39- 8-6	Any size up to 7ft. square
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Let it rain.. ..play on in



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SUPPLIERS OF 1953
EVEREST CLIMBING SUITS

Sports clothing for men, women and children made in nylon, cotton poplin and gaberdine. Now the exclusive Howard Flint cotton-nylon material, worn and proved on Everest, is added to the Flintwear range.

Flintwear Sports Clothing is available from all good sports departments and outfitters.

Write to Sole Manufacturers for free leaflet and names of nearest stockists
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**WRITE FOR
FREE LEAFLET—**
"For Sporting People"

**Her smile
cost 2/3**



Anna Gardner, of Southgate, is a model—her smile is part of her stock-in-trade, so it has to be good!

She keeps it good with a Wisdom Flextron toothbrush—the newest kind of toothbrush there is. Wisdom Flextron tufts have all the liveliness of the most expensive bristle. But more than that! They have the long life of nylon. And they can't break, won't go soggy.

No wonder Wisdom Flextron cleans your teeth better than any other toothbrush. And no wonder Anna's smile is so fresh and scintillating! We think a smile like that's worth much more than 2/3d. Don't you?



How's your toothbrush?

Is it getting tattered? Perhaps a bit dog-eared? Look at it tonight and buy a new Wisdom Flextron tomorrow. It's the biggest advance in toothbrushes since nylon was invented! In three textures: Medium, Hard and Extra Hard. 2/3d.

Wisdom
WITH
Flextron
TUFTS

Made by Addis Ltd., of Hertford, who made the world's first toothbrush in 1780

**Are you wasting
one in three?**



You may burn all the fuel you are permitted to buy, yet never enjoy all the warmth it produces. This is because more valuable heat escapes unused from your house than a limited fuel supply can replace.

So to obtain adequate warmth in your home in the winter you must keep out more cold, hold in more heat and thus make better use of your fuel.

We can achieve this for you in two practical ways. We will banish draughts and the inflow of cold air through ill-fitting windows and doors; we will drastically reduce the heavy outflow of heat now leaking away through your roof.

The result will transform winter living conditions at home. Be wise and call us in now.

**draught exclusion
and roof insulation by
HERMESEAL
means warmer homes**



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*I'm
so happy
with my*

G.E.C.



It's wonderful to have a refrigerator with *all* the room you want in it! No more worry about keeping all your food fresh. Firm butter, crisp salads and iced drinks at any time. Ices for parties. Dishes prepared and stored ready to pop into the oven. When you've had a G.E.C. refrigerator for a few weeks you'll wonder how you ever lived without it.

The Pride of your Kitchen A beautiful cabinet of gleaming white enamel, cleaned inside and out with the whisk of a damp cloth. It takes up the minimum of floor-

space. The thermostatically controlled motor is practically silent. When you open the door, the whole interior lights up.

Room for everything Over seven and a half cubic feet of storage space—taking *all* your food without overcrowding. A stainless steel freezer holding 26 lb. of frozen foods. A big plastic chiller for meat or fish. Two big saladors with frosted glass tops. Two separate plastic containers.

Ample Shelves The largest bottles stand upright. A Christmas turkey can be stored with ease. All shelves are heavily plated,

light, quickly removable and cleanable. **5 Years' Guarantee** goes with the sealed refrigerating system. The whole refrigerator is guaranteed for one year.

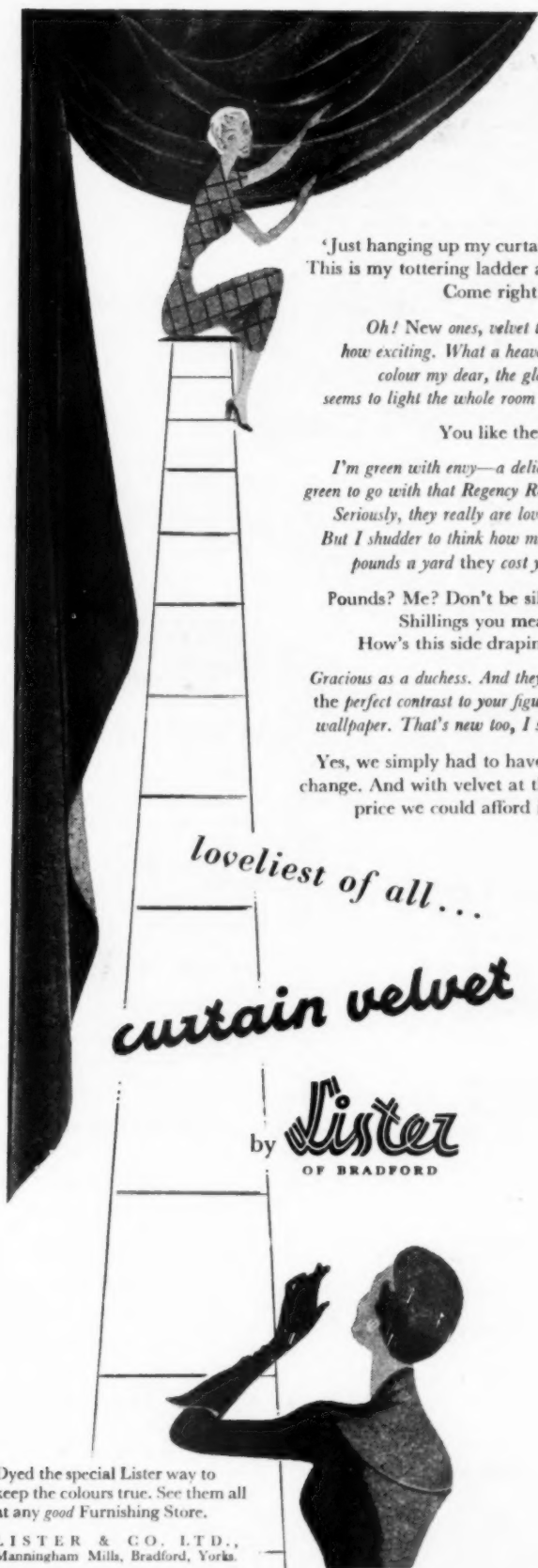
See this splendid G.E.C. refrigerator at your local dealers or at your electricity service centre.

DE 71 £134.0.3

including Purchase Tax, installation and service fee.

Write for illustrated, descriptive leaflet HA1943 to Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

The General Electric Co. Ltd.



'Just hanging up my curtains.
This is my tottering ladder act.
Come right in.

*Oh! New ones, velvet too:
how exciting. What a heavenly
colour my dear, the gleam
seems to light the whole room up.*

You like them?

*I'm green with envy—a delicate
green to go with that Regency Rose.
Seriously, they really are lovely.
But I shudder to think how many
pounds a yard they cost you.*

Pounds? Me? Don't be silly.
Shillings you mean.
How's this side draping?

*Gracious as a duchess. And they're
the perfect contrast to your figured
wallpaper. That's new too, I see.*

Yes, we simply had to have a
change. And with velvet at this
price we could afford it.'

loveliest of all...

curtain velvet

by **Lister**
OF BRADFORD

Dyed the special Lister way to
keep the colours true. See them all
at any good Furnishing Store.

LISTER & CO. LTD.,
Manningham Mills, Bradford, Yorks.

Christmas special

(very special!)



When you're racking
your brains to find a present
for those charming people who've already
'got everything', go and look at the 'Prestige' 5003
Carving Set. This is something they haven't got, for
there's nothing else like it. Here are years of carving
joy, handsomely encased in moulded cream casket and
clear cover. The knife is a 'Prestige', hollow-ground
and razor keen, the steel and the fork its worthy
companions. The whole set, gaily boxed, forms a
gift that will be remembered with gratitude and used
with pride for years and years to come.

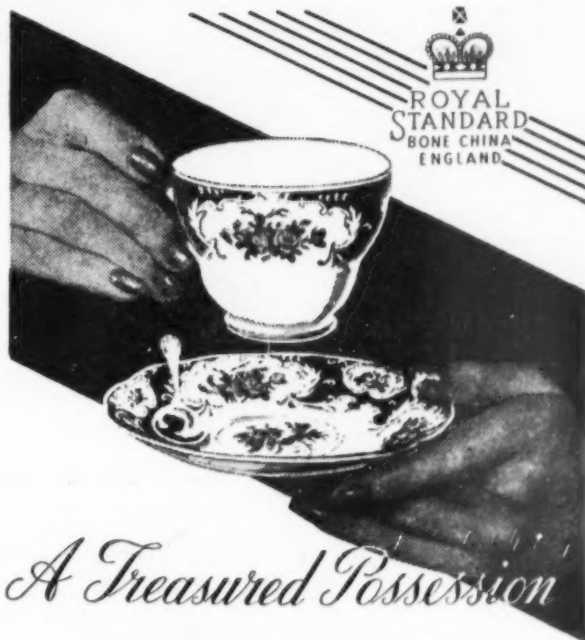
£7.12.6

(inc. P.T.)

from all
good cutlery,
stores and
ironmongers

Prestige 5003 CARVING SET

P.S. Also ask to see the companion (5046)
set of 6 Steak and Game knives, at £7.19.6.



A Treasured Possession

A woman is judged at her tea-table. Her
china is a measure of her taste. The judgment
is not new. From ancient history the tradition
has been handed from Century to Century.
Today a woman with social integrity uses the
finest of bone china—Royal Standard.

CHAPMANS LTD. LONGTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT

After take steps to correct dry skin

After you are 25 the natural oil of your skin does not replace itself readily. Before you are 40, your skin may lose as much as 20 per cent of its own oil.

Watch out for signs of Dry Skin — flaky patches, tiny lines. Then help to correct this condition. Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream, so effective because:

1. It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oil
2. It is homogenized to soak in
3. It has a softening emulsifier

KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG AND SUPPLE

Lanolin-soften by night. After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face. Massage it in thoroughly, leaving a light, softening film all night. Dry skin "drinks up" this rich Cream. Lines and roughness are smoothed away.

Lanolin-protect by day. If your skin is very dry, stroke in a touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up, and be sure of day-long, soothing protection.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream costs 2/6 and 4/11 a jar.

If you would like a free sample of this wonderful, lanolin-rich Cream, send a postcard with your name and address in block letters to Dept. P.5, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middx.



THE LADY BRIDGETT DE ROBLEDO keeps her skin smooth and youthful with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. "This cream is so rich, so softening," she says

DRY SKIN?
This is the answer



"I spy with my little ear..."

The blind are immensely resourceful, the children in particular. When the darkness in which they live their lives prevents them doing exactly as we do they are always ready with gallant improvisations. They don't need your sympathy but they do need your help to start them off on the road towards the independence they will prize so much. Help us to give them the education and training they deserve by sending a donation to the

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TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

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CAKES

If the small hours are **ENDLESS...**

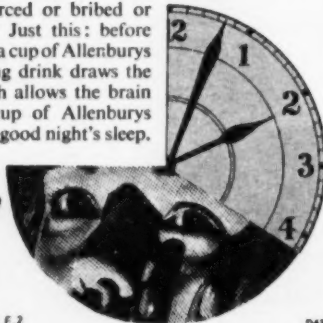
And if sleep cannot be forced or bribed or begged what can you do? Just this: before you go to bed make yourself a cup of Allenburys Diet. This pleasant soothing drink draws the blood from your head which allows the brain to relax. Drink a good cup of Allenburys Diet each night and enjoy a good night's sleep.

**Allenburys
DIET**

THE GOOD GOOD-NIGHT DRINK

From Chemists and Grocers
in tins 2/9 & 5/4

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World famous for its precision and distinguished appearance, the Rolex Oyster case seals out dust and damp. See the Oyster range in full colour in the new ROLEX Brochure.

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or write for the ROLEX Brochure
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WATCHES OF SWITZERLAND LIMITED

(Dept. PU 12) 181 Queen Victoria Street
London EC4

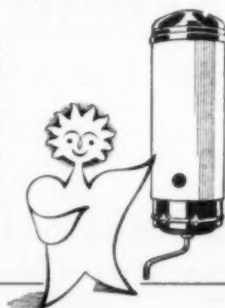


Is it hard work keeping the house dirty?

HOW CAN YOU possibly keep the home clean, how can you keep the dishes clean, and do the laundry, how can you have the personal cleanliness so necessary to health, without plenty of hot water — and no

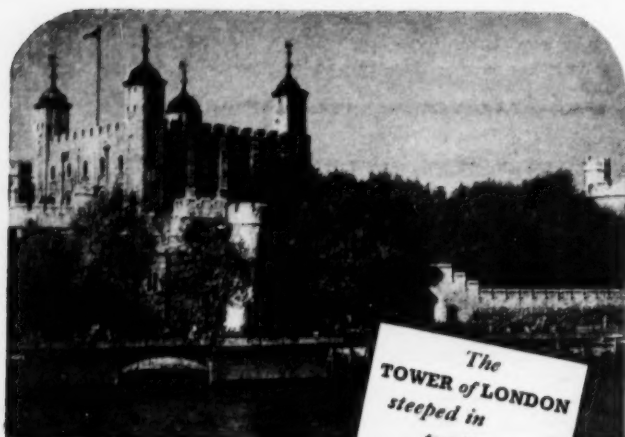
hard work getting it? It is the most essential of all services in the home and GAS is the *only* fuel that can give you all the hot water you want *instantaneously*, day and night, at the turn of a tap.

150 gallons of hot water per week is the minimum requirement for a family of four. That quantity can be provided by Mr. Therm's Sink Water-Heater at a cost everybody can afford. Whether or not you have any other source of hot water in the home, you still need a sink water-heater.



GAS SINK WATER-HEATERS
give hot or boiling water **INSTANTANEOUSLY**

For demonstration and details of easy terms, call at your gas showroom



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steeped in
tradition...*

*... and service
with security has become a
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to a tee**



'Wentworth'—a shoe for the golfer who knows his form and hopes some day to play to it. Made in carefully selected leather: flexible for rhythm on the upswing, yet sturdy for bracing at the follow through. Built on Church's 96 last, specifically designed for its job. Room for toes to spread and 'grip.' Fitting close at instep and ankle—no entry for pebbles and raindrops. Stout sole, with 'Agrippa' spikes at all the tactical points. Price 100/9, from Church's accredited Agents.



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Soon after they were formed, in 1834, Por Larranaga began sending their Havana cigars to England.

José and other descendants of the skilled craftsmen who made those early cigars are now in Jamaica making Larra cigars for Por Larranaga, with the same fine Havana wrapper as their ancestors had used. Thus more than 100 years of experience, tradition and hereditary skill go to create these very fine cigars.

LARRA CIGARS by POR LARRANAGA

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Ready-tailored dinner suits
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OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

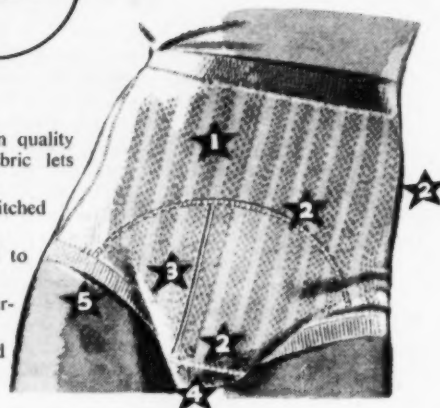
Junction of Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2
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Tenbralair

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- 1 100% pure cotton quality tested cellular fabric lets the body breathe
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THE MIRACLE ELASTIC YARN

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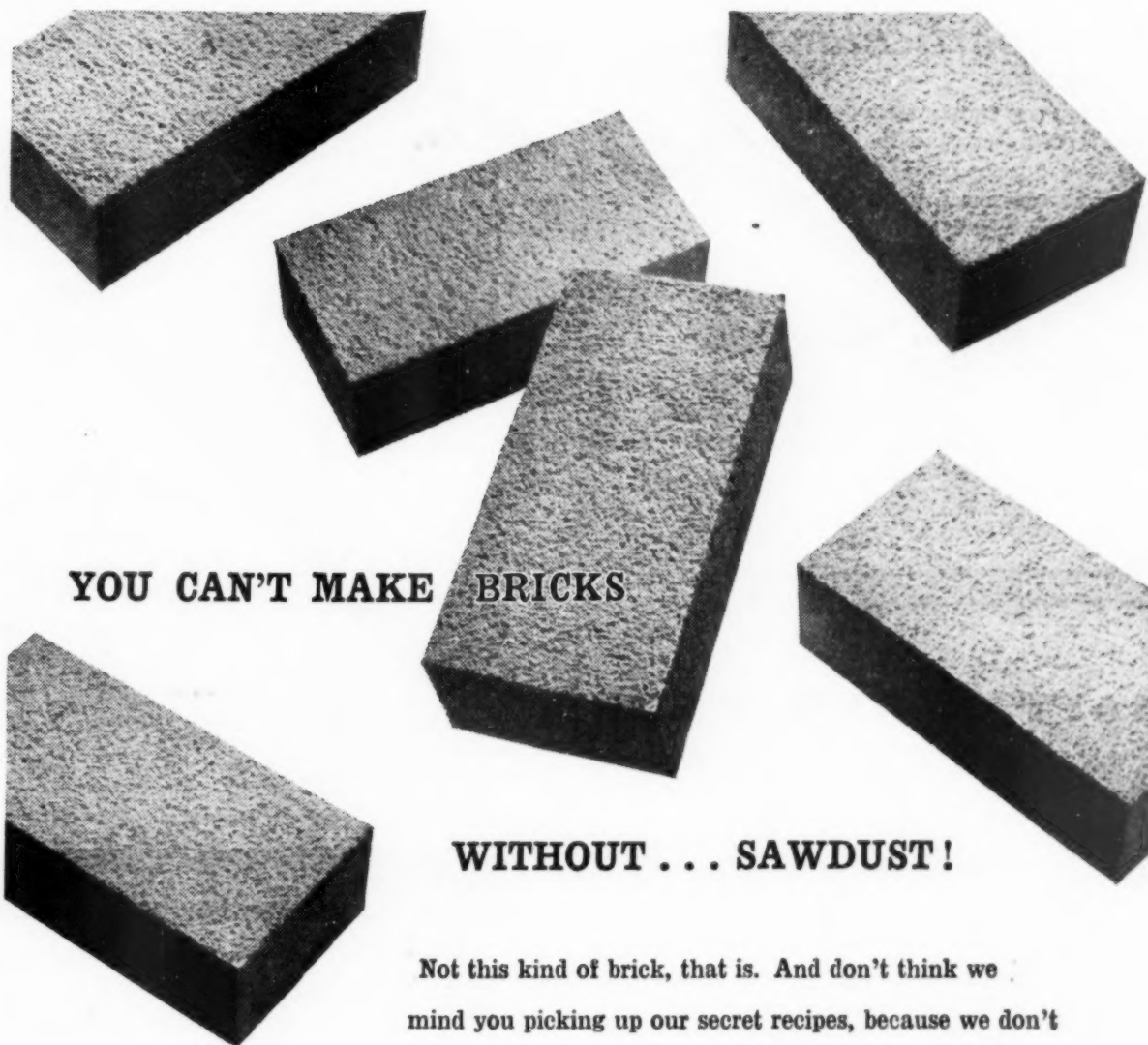
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WITHOUT . . . SAWDUST!

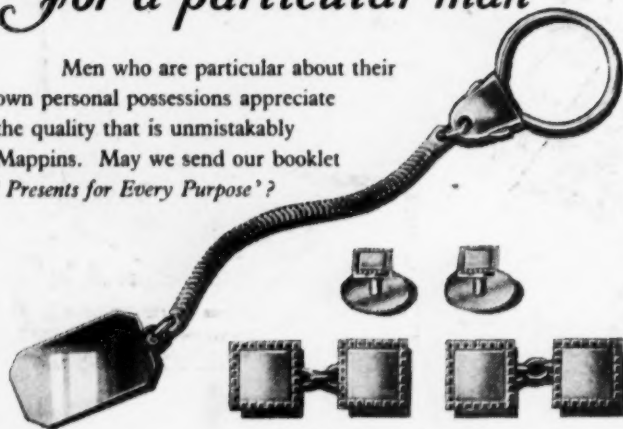
Not this kind of brick, that is. And don't think we mind you picking up our secret recipes, because we don't give a . . . hoot. It's not what they're made of, IT'S HOW THEY'RE MADE. These bricks (in the new range of Morgan Refractories) are the M.L.28. which yesterday you would have called 'hot-face insulators'. The difference is, these WORK. Your own Maintenance Engineer will tell you they're good. Your own commonsense will foot the bill, because

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ARE WORTH FAR MORE THAN THEY COST

For a particular man

Men who are particular about their own personal possessions appreciate the quality that is unmistakably Mappins. May we send our booklet 'Presents for Every Purpose'?



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Suite of Links, Buttons and Studs
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The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
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The Swiss Alarm Clock of Precision.

CYMA AMIC

Give Cussons toilet luxuries in party dress !



A wealth of Christmas ideas
for men, women and children —
all in gay presentation packs
at no extra charge.



FOR HER

Attractive gift boxes containing differing selections of her favourite soap, talcum powder and bath cubes. From 6 6d to 4 3d. Bath crystals in attractive tulip bottle, 3 perfumes, 4 3d. Various decorated boxes of soap ranging from generous 3 tablet boxes of bath soap at 4 6d to miniature tablets at 3 6d for a box of 6. Imperial Leather perfume in gift caskets, 4 -.



FOR FUN and the little ones

A fascinating choice of gaily coloured soap novelties including Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto, Bambi, Thumper, Archie Andrews, Gainsborough Lady and Chummy Spaniel dog, at prices from 6 - to 2 10d.



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Massive ingots of white-hot steel are transformed into 15-ton coils of strip 5 miles long at speeds up to 50 miles an hour by the train of mills of which the rolling mill illustrated is the first and biggest unit. Its electrical drive, the largest of its type in Europe, was built by 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' and consists of twin motors developing 27,600 horse-power.



bringing you

Steel plays a greater part in our daily lives than any other metal. Look at this picture and count the number of things in which steel is used—including the 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' refrigerator, cooker and washing machine. In this, as in so many other ways, 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' is meeting the nation's needs—by helping to increase our exports and at the same time bring better living to millions at home.



better



living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

GOOD NEWS FOR dura-glit USERS



BRIGHTER . . . LONGER-LASTING BEAUTY FOR YOUR FURNITURE

You'll be thrilled to see how beautiful your furniture really is, after you've used this new **dura-glit** furniture wadding polish.

- ★ Easy to apply — spreads easily — no waste.
- ★ Nothing to spill.
- ★ Only one duster needed.
- ★ No finger marks or smears.

APPLY
LIGHTLY -

ALLOW TO DRY

- THEN
DUST OFF



THE NEW
dura-glit
FURNITURE POLISH

OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR USUAL SUPPLIER

Another quality product by the makers of Duraglit Metal and Silver Polishes

DURAGLIT LTD., 15, LANCASTER AVE., MANCHESTER 4

A Magic Holiday in **FRANCE**



Thrill to the enchantment of superb ski-runs in the sparkling sunshine of France's snowclad mountains. The most complete modern facilities ensure that beginner and expert alike will derive the greatest pleasure from their winter holidays.

France's traditionally excellent service and food await you at all her winter sports resorts.

Consult your **TRAVEL AGENT** or apply to the
FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
179, Piccadilly, London, W.1
for the French Winter Sports booklet



*"I'm awfully glad
we bought a
REDFYRE"*

We knew that the Redfyre kept in all night, that it was wonderfully economical, burning coal, coke or any fuel we could get. But until we saw it we hadn't realised that it was so attractive. From that moment there was no other fire for us—and oh! what a boon it's been!



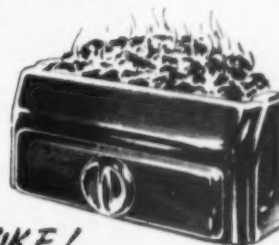
THE
REDFYRE
REGD
CONTINUOUS BURNING FIRE



BY DAY



BY NIGHT



'OK' for COKE!

From your local dealer—or send a postcard to:

Newton Chambers & Co. Ltd., Thorncliffe, Nr. Sheffield

*Mighty in strength
and endurance*

**OUTSTANDING VALUE
FOR THE BIGGER CAR**



THE

Eagle

**THE ULTIMATE
IN CAR TYRE QUALITY**

It's the toughest car tyre ever built. The tread is thicker, deeper, wider and flatter. Sidewalls are specially reinforced. The resilient cord carcass is stronger and more bruise-resisting. And the famous All-Weather Diamond tread design, with improved Stop-Notches—gives better road grip, silent running and quicker, safer stops. Providing longer mileage, more riding comfort and handsome appearance, the Eagle offers truly outstanding value for the bigger car.

You can trust

GOOD  YEAR

— FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR —

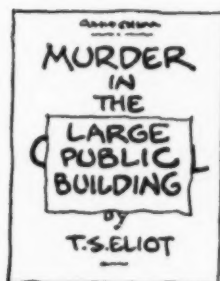


CHARIVARIA

AT a recent meeting of the National Requisitioned Property Owners' Association a lady member proposed that public interest should be aroused by suffragette tactics. If this means being chained to iron railings, the question of de-requisitioning those should be taken up first.

Paris hotel porters, says *L'Echo Touristique*, receive tips from travel agencies, night clubs, photographers, nurses, masseurs and undertakers, in recognition of business put in their way. As regards the last, British hotels might give *them* a tip or two.

The ban on the wearing of Salvation Army uniforms during the mission-hall scene from *Gyps and Dolls* given at the Coliseum last week has put an end, we understand, to plans for a Royal Command Performance of *Major Barbara*.



Announcing Sir Percy Sillitoe's new series, *The Sunday Times* reminds readers that "he was successively Chief Constable of Sheffield, Glasgow and Kent," and goes on to describe the articles as "the lessons of a lifetime of a great police chief who smashed the gangs of Sheffield and Glasgow." The Canterbury underworld is feeling pretty smug.

A new boon for the American business man is a rubber fitting which enables the telephone to be wedged on the shoulder during long conversations. This allows full freedom to speak with the hands.

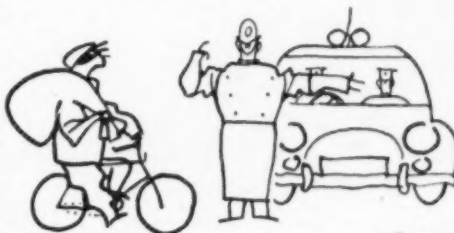


Industry is addressing itself increasingly to relieving the discomfort of watching television, and the latest accessory on the market is a small cushion in printed chintz, designed to support an aching neck. The critics seem to think, however, that only the programme-planners could really ease the pain just there.

In a letter to a weekly paper a correspondent says that his recipe for success is always to arrive at the office five minutes early and leave five minutes late; this, he adds, never fails to impress employers. But how do they know?

American income tax collectors are refusing to pay their income tax. A spokesman says, however, that they aren't going to let themselves get away with it.

There have been several complaints recently that Army recruiting boards have passed deaf, short-sighted and disabled conscripts as fit for national service. Really determined malingerers are now arranging to be carried in on a stretcher.



An Islington youth stated by a policeman to have broken into three shops, four houses and a cinema in one week was warned by the magistrate that he was standing at the cross-roads. That's what he thought the policeman was doing.



IT is when the light in Big Ben tower has been put out and the last Member has departed that a careful ear can detect the undelivered speeches of the unelected. There was one the other night on the subject of foreign affairs which, though it was continuously interrupted, deserves to be recorded. The Member who made it was short in stature and rather bad-tempered looking, and represented one of those nebulous constituencies in the Midlands, neither town nor county—just rows of adequate but rather colourless brick houses.

The gist of what he said was this. Everyone in this House is liable to cheer whenever a reference is made to the possibility of High Level Talks, and to assume that they must necessarily be advantageous. Is there, in fact, a basis for such an assumption in past experience? Ever since the Versailles Conference High Level Talks have been occurring with great frequency. Have they, in fact, promoted or retarded the Gadarene rush which has so notably characterized the last few decades?

Let us consider a few of the better known High Level Talks. There was the Conference at Genoa when Lloyd George met the Germans for the first time as colleagues rather than defeated enemies. Its only concrete result, and the only thing for which it is now remembered, was the agreement between the Germans and the Russians, concluded at the same time at Rapallo, whereby arrangements were made for clandestine German rearmament on Russian soil.

Then there was the famous Locarno meeting which, as we now know, Stresemann regarded as a stepping-stone to a full recovery of all Germany had lost as a result of the 1914-18 war. The Locarno Agreement procured for Sir Austen

HIGH LEVEL TALKS THROUGH THE AGES

Chamberlain the Garter, but served in Britain and France to encourage the view that, with Germany a member of the League of Nations and Mr. Litvinov in favour of immediate and total disarmament, there was no need to think in terms of the possibility of a future war.

Hurrying past such ludicrous episodes as the Stresa meeting, when the egregious Ramsay MacDonald tried in his forlorn, confused way to come to terms with Mussolini, thereby inducing the latter to decide definitely upon his Abyssinian adventure, we come to the great High Level Talks era after Hitler's assumption of power. There was, for instance, the visit of Neville Chamberlain and Lord Halifax to Rome which, as Ciano's Diary shows, finally decided Mussolini that his Axis policy would pay immense dividends and must be wholeheartedly pursued. Again, there was the occasion when Lord Halifax, after a series of rebuffs, managed to make personal contact with Goering on a hunting expedition. Of Munich, most notorious of all High Level Talks, nothing need be said except that it made war in the most disadvantageous circumstances near and inevitable.

The more sanguine among us may well have thought that here

this melancholy tale had at last worked itself to a conclusion, and that nothing more would ever be heard of High Level Talks as a sovereign cure for all human ills. Alas, it was far otherwise. Teheran and Yalta bear comparison even with Munich, and resulted in such an accession of Russian strength, and so cynical, fatuous and terrible a betrayal of all the war was supposed to have been fought for, that it will be a miracle if they do not have consequences as disastrous as Munich.

Here the ghostly speaker broke off to refer in decidedly insulting terms to an account currently appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* of the Prime Minister's transactions with Stalin in 1944. What, he asked, will posterity make of the spectacle of Sir Winston Churchill drawing up for Stalin's signature a statement of the relative percentages of Russian and British dominance in the countries of the Balkans and Eastern Europe, which were, according to every official statement made by the Allied side, to be "liberated," and enabled to live in accordance with the Atlantic Charter?

So this ghostly Member went on and on, leading up to his final, preposterous proposal, which was that the Iron Curtain, far from being pierced, should be reinforced and enlarged. It was, he said, time that, instead of encouraging High Level Talks, any participation in them should be considered a treasonable act, and so be punishable with the death penalty.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE



"RUGBY UNION SIDES

Rev. K. Vaughan Jones; Rev. T. D. Meadley; Rev. A. J. Howitt; Rev. G. West, Hull; Rev. P. S. Watson; Rev. Brindley Davis; Rev. G. J. Gage; and Canon R. J. Wood, Vicar of Headingley, Leeds University; Professor T. R. S. Reid, representing the Vice Chancellor; Prof. D. Burton; Mr. W. S. Stuart; Dr. J. V. Loach; Prof. Claye; Dr. J. Bowman; H. Salmon, students' chairman; Dr. Barkley."—*Yorkshire Evening News*

Should be some conversions.

THE PEER-WATCHERS



"The Cabinet are going to look at the question of House of Lords reform again."—*Evening News political correspondent*

Trumpeter, What Are You Sounding Now?

BY T. S. WATT

IN the past, custom has always decreed that members of certain professions should either eschew advertisement altogether or else content themselves with publicity so feeble and emasculate as to be almost unreadable. Feeling that the time is fast approaching when this convention will be cast aside, along

with many others equally outmoded, I have lately been employing myself in putting together a few advertisements which I hope may be of use to some of the bolder professional men in the not far distant future. I should make it clear, however, that any lawyer, headmaster, dentist or banker who attempts to use any of

the following specimens without first paying my very moderate charges will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

* * * * *

DAD'S OUT AGAIN, MR. CLUTTERBUTT!

He tapped me on the shoulder between the acts at Covent Garden. Nice young fellow, and a nice girl with him, too!

"Let's see," I said, smiling, "it was Dartmoor, wasn't it?"

"That's right, Mr. Clutterbutt," he said eagerly. "Three years—and IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU HE'D HAVE GOT FIVE!"

I remembered the case well enough. It was a larceny with violence, and the father, a dignified, spiritual-looking man in the prime of life, had been a bit cast down at his long sentence. I'd shot in a quick appeal and got it reduced by two years. All in the day's work for me, of course. (In 1952 my R.A. figure—reductions by appeal—was 79 YEARS, 6 MONTHS.) Still, he'd seemed pleased.

"It's my job, young fellow," I chuckled.

"It wasn't just getting the sentence reduced, though," said the boy earnestly. "Dad's had a lot of experience, and the thing that impressed him most of all was your WARM-HEARTED PERSONAL APPROACH TO HIS PROBLEM. You know, right at the beginning of his career, when he was just feeling his way, Dad sand-bagged someone, and he told me that the first interview with his lawyer was most uncomfortable—so cold and formal. Couldn't be himself, Dad said. Now, with you, it was more like a cosy fireside chat between two old cronies."

61 YEARS' EXPERIENCE!

Well, perhaps we've had a bit more experience than most in dealing with these unlucky affairs. We've been at it a long time, you know! It's a pretty comfortable feeling, isn't it, to have people looking after



"Bust 32, Waist 24, Hips 35, Scale 1½ inches to 1 inch."

your interests who have been ON THE JOB SINCE 1872! A lot of our customers remark on that—they say they've never entered the dock with such confidence as when we've been behind them, and I do think there's something in it.

Why not drop in some time and smoke a cigarette with us? Don't be afraid that your little affair isn't important enough! Whatever it is, we want to help! I think you'll find our terms pretty reasonable, but if not—well, YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF TIME FOR CHANGING YOUR MIND. (And I mean that—every word of it!) Anyway, we won't embarrass you by pressing our services on you—frankly we're much too busy! And remember—the same cheerful smile and courteous attention that you would expect to receive as a homicide will greet you even though you approach us as no more than a petty offender against the traffic regulations!

REG. CLUTTERBUTT AND SONS (LEGAL ADVISERS) LTD.

14 St. John's Chambers
Petwick Court, London

SAVE TIME BY SEEING CLUTTERBUTT!

* * * * *

WHAT IS THIS DEEP-LEVEL EDUCATION?

Some months after the close of the First World War, a young ex-officer named Tipton decided to undertake, single-handed, the exploration of certain little-known regions in the Gobi desert. One day, plodding along through the arid wastes, he encountered a Buddhist mystic, perishing of thirst. The young man offered his water-bottle. In return the grateful mystic disclosed to him the secrets of DEEP-LEVEL EDUCATION, whispered from priest to priest for countless centuries in the dimmest recesses of isolated Buddhist temples, but never before revealed to the world.

Tipton returned to England, married, and founded the DEEP-LEVEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS, where this astounding system of education, built up with infinite care by the best Buddhist brains from ALL THE GARNERED WISDOM OF

THE EAST, is practised daily with ever-increasing success.

BUT WHAT IS DEEP-LEVEL EDUCATION?

All new boys, on arrival at Deep-Level, are taken to the gymnasium and thrown into a PLEASANT AND HEALTHFUL COMA by the safe, simple method of the Seven Passes, now known only to a handful of Tibetan visionaries and Mr. and Mrs. Tipton. In this state the boys are subjected to a series of INTENSIVE DEEP-LEVEL SUGGESTIONS, with the object of bracing the powers of memory, reason and receptiveness.

The value of this method, practised during the formative years, is well known to the headmasters of our great public schools, where Deep-Level boys stand out in striking fashion among others who have not enjoyed the benefits of this revolutionary system. In rare cases, the suggestions implanted at Deep-Level tend to lose their power during adolescence. In such circumstances, on payment of a nominal fee plus travelling expenses, Mrs. Tipton will attend at the boy's public school to administer the Koko-shan—special

highly-tonic coma induced by the Ten Primary Gestures, followed by Super-Intensive Deep-Level Suggestion. Many Old Boys have found the Koko-shan of benefit in after-life. A well-known lawyer writes: MY CASE SEEMED HOPELESS UNTIL I SAW MRS. TIPTON ON MY DOORSTEP.

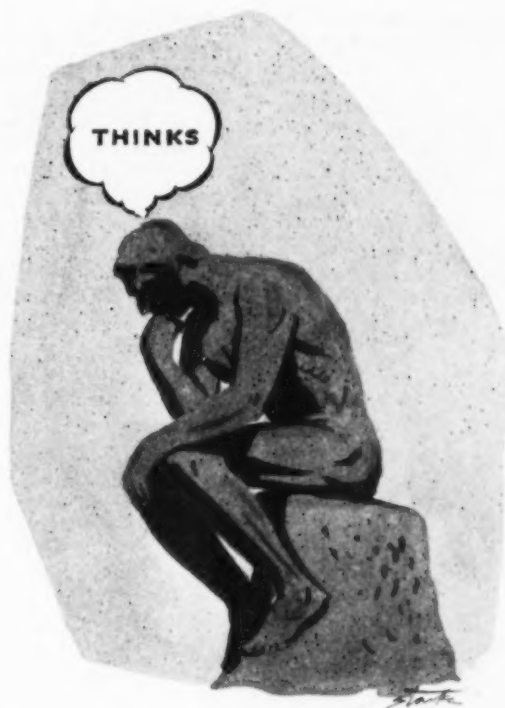
Give your boy the priceless benefits of DEEP-LEVEL EDUCATION! Write now for FREE BROCHURE giving further information and details of SPECIAL CORONATION YEAR REDUCTIONS IN TERMS.

Address your letter to:

DEEP-LEVEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
FOR BOYS

PRINCIPAL: JAMES TIPTON
Cottesmore Langley, Nr. Devizes,
Wilts.

(It may perhaps be objected that this advertisement is of a rather specialized nature, and some headmasters may even be so simple as to imagine that its use would involve them in a visit to the Gobi desert. All that is necessary, of course, is the mastering of a little very elementary mesmerism. In these days of cut-throat competition, a headmaster who is so slothful as to



balk at learning a few hypnotic passes will very quickly go to the wall.)

* * * * *

"IT WAS A REVELATION TO ME!"
SAID THE GENERAL

The Duchess. Extraordinarily tough beef, this!

The General. Can't say I agree. Rather tender, if anything, it seems to me.

The Duchess. You must have exceptionally sharp and powerful teeth.

The General. I have, by Jove! Not my own, though, you know.

The Duchess. I should never have guessed it!

The General. Fact. Got 'em yesterday. People called SEPTIMUS PROVIS AND CO. (MOUTH COMFORT) LTD.

The Duchess. I suppose you had to wait for ages?

The General. Not a bit of it! BROKE MY OLD SET ON A CHOCOLATE CARAMEL LAST NIGHT—CHRISTENED THESE AT LADY POPPLETON'S TO-DAY! It was a revelation to me, I can tell you! Waiting-room seemed pretty full—the Duke of Concannon, Lord Creagh, the Belgian Ambassador, Prince Belonga of Sidi-el-Shambi—we thought we'd be there for hours. However, a liveried attendant came rushing in with a bowl of hot wax, and this fellow Provis behind him, laughing and joking. Believe it or not, we were all on the doorstep, flashing our new teeth at each other, within the hour!

The Duchess. Wonderful! But what about the workmanship? Will they last?

The General. Should do. Provis tests them in the jaws of an automaton he's invented, and any set not

capable of withstanding A BITE OF HALF A TON TO THE SQUARE INCH ON SPECIALLY TOUGHENED GUTTA-PERCHA is thrown on the scrap-heap. They don't leave much to chance, I can tell you! And for extra security there's the famous Provis Guarantee: A MILLION MOUTHFULS MAGNIFICENTLY MASTICATED—OR MONEY BACK!

The Duchess. I'm afraid I must leave directly after dinner. I have an important letter to write.

The General. But the Princess Zareba is to dance *The Dying Swan* for us! Surely, dear lady, this letter must be one of great urgency?

The Duchess. It is, my friend! I'm going to SEE PROVIS AND ACHIEVE MOUTH COMFORT!

PROVIS AND PARTNERS (MOUTH COMFORT) LTD.
(Dentures for the Discriminating)

* * * * *

(The next advertisement may seem rather less vigorous than the rest, but banks, of course, are very conservative institutions, and I have thought it wise to adopt a tone of considerable restraint.)

DREAM AND REALITY

I will go back to the great sweet mother,

Mother and lover of men, the sea.

*I will go down to her, I and no other,
Close with her, kiss her and mix
her with me.*

So sang the sensuous Swinburne, though we have no record that he ever carried out the course of action described. In these prosaic times we are perhaps more inclined to put first things first and to set our business affairs on a solid basis before allowing ourselves the luxury of indulging our personal whims. To-day, no young

man of prudence and foresight would dream of turning his face towards the beach until he had taken that first most important step in the protection of his savings and in securing the normal facilities for meeting his financial obligations—the opening of a banking account. It is perhaps just as well that we cannot all be Swinburnes, to sit dreaming of the great knees and feet of pale Titan-women, while our money is tied up, as likely as not, in an old sock. At any rate, we may be sure that Watts-Dunton, to whom Swinburne owed so much, would very much rather have seen a cheque-book or a bank statement on his friend's desk than any number of pairs of damp bathing-drawers.

THE SOUTHERN PROVINCIAL BANK LTD.

Current, Deposit and Savings Accounts Opened.

Foreign Business transacted,
Coupons collected, etc.

"BANK WHERE DAD DID."

£ £

Hippopotamus's Address to The Freudians

(He quotes Plutarch's OF ISIS AND OSIRIS 32, pleading for the revision of the misnomer "Edipus Complex," which should be "Hippopotamus Complex." His own acts, unlike those of the Theban King Edipus, were not committed in error, he asserts, but prompted by a genuine infantile libido.)

DEEP in Nile mire,
Jam etiam:

"I slew my sire,

I forced my dam.

Plutarch's *Of Isis*

Dwells on my vices,

Shameless I am:

Free from repression

Or urge to confession,

Freud's little lamb.

I slew my sire,

In frantic desire

I forced my dam—

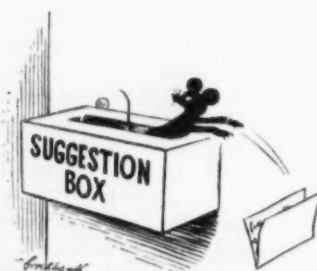
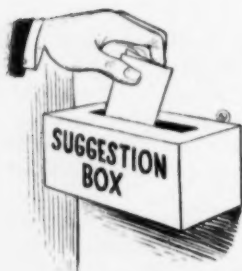
I and not Edipus,"

Roars Hippopotamus,

"You have confounded us

Jam etiam!"

ROBERT GRAVES





"See anything you fancy?"

The Impermanent Way

BY H. F. ELLIS

TO how many thousands of men, now middle-aged, must some small branch line have once meant, as mine did to me, the real beginning of the holidays. The main line train, well enough in its way, still had about it some faint smack of school. It had *been* there, near enough; and would not scruple to take us back again in the dim, not-to-be-thought-of future. Some other boy, too, as likely as not, bound for a station further down the line, had shared a carriage with us to the Junction. He was all *right*, but he was a link. He kept talking of next term. Even his final "So long!" as his train went on its way had distasteful implications.

But the branch-line train—There it was, in the Bay—was *ours*. It was private, it was familiar, it smelt vaguely of straw, it was home. There were upwards of eleven empty compartments to choose from, and that meant you could put your feet

up on the seat before she started, with only the faintest risk of having to take them down again. You could beat up clouds of dust with your bowler hat. You could even, when well under way, stand in the middle of the floor and see whether it was possible to pull up both windows by their straps simultaneously. It *was*—just about. Only here was Camhurst Halt sliding into view, and it would be as well to sit down for half a minute and look decorous.

Camhurst Halt! There must always be a Halt on a branch line, if a branch line is to be worthy of the name. It must have a platform made of planks with spaces between, and there should, by rights, be a short flight of wooden steps somewhere about. Camhurst had, also, one of those small black sheds beside the line—not the brick kind with "DANGER" scrawled on it in white chalk, but a proper shed made of overlapping boards and heavily padlocked to give the impression there was something inside. It was a Halt in a thousand.

Beyond Camhurst the line—single-track, it should be unnecessary to say—rose in every sense to its greatest height. If, as Plato would insist, there is an Eidon, an Image, of the perfect branch-line railway laid up in heaven, it must be very like the stretch between Camhurst Halt and Trimley. Through level water-meadows the iron road ran at first, mile after mile of buttercups when the high mid-summer pomps were on—so startlingly yellow in the afternoon sunlight that even a boy with one foot on an arm-rest and the other half-way to the luggage-rack would pause to glance momentarily out of the window. No telegraph poles or wires interrupted his view. With their paltry craving for the shortest distance between two points these obstructions had long ago struck out for Trimley on their own. No bridges either; for the roads, or farm-tracks rather, in these parts were content to cross the line at unguarded level-crossings—a most important, indeed a vital feature of a well-conceived branch line. It means that every half-mile or so a faded white board beside the line peremptorily bids the driver to WHISTLE; and very finely indeed our drivers used to answer the call. Wheeeeeeeeeee-yuh! But much longer and more challenging. It lends an air of urgency and dash, this whistling, to a progress that might otherwise seem just the faintest bit stately; and it makes those damned, indifferent cows look up.

One can tire, however, of whistling in level water-meadows, and this my branch-line perfectly understood. At precisely the right moment it began to climb. Woods that had kept their distance, serving merely to vary the horizon and half-conceal the spires of village churches, closed in. A river, quick to take its cue, drew alongside. We were in a valley now, forcing a path through the trees that clothed its sides—trees so close on either hand that one could have leant from the window and plucked their leaves, if one hadn't been busy making faces at oneself in the looking-glass. There were curves,





"Don't you dare 'How's business' me! . . ."

sharp curves heavily cambered, so that our four coaches seemed to lean inwards in quite a jaunty way against the slope, and the engine's rapid *atoofatuff-atoofatuff-atoofatuff-atoofatuff* lent the whole business a slapdash, almost a devil-may-care air. We were making twenty-eight, I dare say, with the gradient against us, but it was exhilarating.

A short run down, with the trees thinning out and more frequent glimpses of the river just below; then the brakes began to sigh, there were a handbag and a bowler hat to be collected and—there it was! TRIMLEY! Done in white stones on a grassy bank.

What a railway line! Wordsworth undoubtedly, had he lived in those parts, would have penned a pretty acid sonnet against the original proposal to build it. But he would need more than fourteen lines to express his indignation and dismay at the recent decision to close

it. For, like so many others, it is to go. It doesn't pay. It will be sold up, I suppose—the bits of it that anyone will buy. The rails will be melted down to make tanks and the "Whistle" boards will be broken up for firewood. Some interloper will keep his bicycle in the little black shed at Camhurst, and weeds will grow over the very name of Trimley. Even the iron ring that the Up engine-driver used to hand to the Down engine-driver, on the days when both of them were on duty, will pass into alien hands. Only the dear old carriages, with their pictures of Llandudno in Edward VII's time, will be allowed to retain some semblance of their former life.

Perhaps, if you happen to live near London, we may meet in one of them before very long. You will know me at once. I shall be beating the cushions with my bowler hat, and my eyes (I am almost certain) will be filled with tears.

Fancy's Knell, S.W.4

Answering a question about hooliganism, an L.C.C. speaker said that dances at Clapham Common were to be discontinued.

WHEN lads were home from labour

At Clapham-by-the-Green,
Miss Jones and Sid, her neighbour,
Would samba and beguine.
Their heed for form was scanty,
The rout was loud and high;
Some played bacchante,
The concertina, I.

The L.C.C. advances

Grave strictures on our play,
The maids must leave their dances,
Rough music die away;
Tomorrow, more's the pity,
By order we must hie,
To night school, Kitty,
To youth club, I.

LESLIE MARSH

The Open Road for Me

BY JOHN BETJEMAN

WHAT is more delightful than a journey to London or any big town by motor car? Instead of having to reach a railway station at a scheduled time, we start two hours earlier and arrive only an hour later than the train. Instead of sitting in a warm carriage reading a book and then watching the fields and trees slide by, we sit in a nice draughty little box with the wireless on if our car is a newish model and watch the tarmac swallowed before us and the fascinating behinds of other motor vehicles.

I do not know which is the most charming back view of a car among the many which I have studied for hours. There is the Saturday party with Mum and Dad and the kids, well in the middle of the road and keeping up a steady twenty-five. What a pleasure it is to see that little bird stuck on the back window which dips up and down as if acknowledging our failure to overtake! Sometimes this may be varied by one of the children making faces at us through the back and then turning round to tell Dad to step on it and swerve a bit more to the right or we will overtake him. I like, too, the enjoyable uniformity of a convoy of British Transport lorries. I like the thrill of being signalled on at a blind corner. Is this my last moment alive? Apparently not, for here I am writing my experiences to you.

Lest I become too cocksure and proud of my own motor car, there is always the chastening swish of the more expensive model passing me,

the brief glimpse of the woman in furs and a man in a check coat with his ears almost as low as his neck. They leave a yellow deposit on my wind-screen and are seen no more. Perhaps most delightful of all is to come on a convoy of American army vehicles "Left-hand drive, no signals, no brakes, no driver, five hundred feet long and speed limit 20 m.p.h." They are empty at the moment and doing fifty, but perhaps sometimes they carry something. There will not be a straight bit of road where I may overtake them for another seventeen miles, so I will have plenty of time to look at them and think about Anglo-American relations. What fun it is to see each of them swerve out to pass three bicyclists abreast and so put the on-coming traffic in its place!

When I have overtaken these I find myself in a black fog-belt, which smells of fish and chips, only stronger. It comes from a lorry in front of me. Beyond it I find a trades van doing sixty in the middle of the road; written across its back doors is "Telephone Clissold 7777." Yes, but why? And who are they? And would anyone answer if I were to telephone?

Ah, now we're for it. An omnibus and a mail van are overtaking one another and coming towards us. Someone will have to pull up. I do not trust my own brakes, nor those of the fog-belt behind me. Still less those of the Americans behind the fog-belt. If I try to run on to the grass verge I shall be thrown back on to the road by

concrete kerbs—those thrillingly dangerous modern inventions. Brakes full on, I find myself gliding gently into "Clissold 7777." My headlights are smashed but he is undamaged. Yes, he has taken my name. He is very angry indeed. Do I think the road belongs to me? Didn't I see him give a signal? I'll hear more of this. By now everything I have passed has overtaken me.

And what glorious English scenery there has been for the last fifty miles along this noble high road! Poles and wires and concrete lamp standards, Egyptian factories with rock gardens in front, artistic hoardings set in crazy paving, flashing globes and changing traffic lights, felled trees and devastated parks and always the cheerful roar of a thousand different engines. I am slowed down behind a very careful driver who must be running in her Eau-de-nil masterpiece. She makes more signs than I knew there were in the highway code. The back of her car, beside the goliwog which hangs in its window, is equipped with a fascinating series of tail lights which change colour according to her mood.

All the time, of course, there is my companion in the front seat with me. She also can drive a car, and tells me how I ought to drive mine. I cannot retreat behind a book, and the quarrel lasts from eight-thirty, when we started, until now, which is half-past eleven. It reaches its height when we can find nowhere to park. I cannot think why people still travel by train.



Make Me a Willow Cabin in the Drawing Room

BY

LIONEL HALE

THEY say that the proof of a Shakespearean play is in the performance. *Twelfth Night* has been put to a severer test in my drawing-room by three harlotry players (2 f. 1 m.) of an average age of nine years, named Thea, Virginia and Joseph. They had seen Mr. Donald Wolfit's company the day before at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, and were afire to perform. The test was: how does the play emerge in recollection? Taking their innocent minds as washed test-tubes, into which *Twelfth Night* and Mr. Donald Wolfit have been poured, what is the precipitate? Muddy, on the whole: but suggestive.

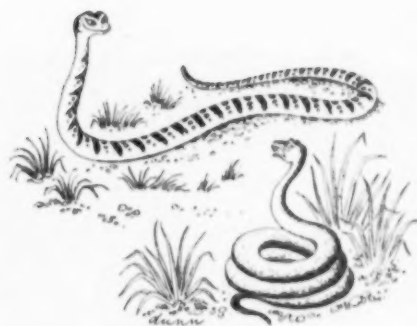
First, it was clear that each of these embryo players has decided, early in life, that the best thing to be in the theatre is an actor-manager. This decision, which was tri-lateral and simultaneous, aroused a discussion in which Thea lost a hair-ribbon, and Virginia dissolved in tears, and one of Joseph's loose teeth became a good deal looser. When unity reigned, on an All-Star system, the company gave priority to the writing of the programme, which was to be sold for money (3d.). This chore fell on Joseph, as the youngest; and his revenge (prompted by some dim sympathy with Mr. Wolfit) took the form of a programme front page reading:

"JOSEPH H
in
TWELFTH NIGHT
with
JOSEPH H."

Second priority went to the provision, from the kitchen, of ice-cream, orangeade and biscuits for the interval, again to be sold for money (4d.) to the audience, but free to the company. Admission was 6d., cash.

Half the drawing-room being converted by screens into a green-room, the company went into committee as Joint Wardrobe Mistress and Property Master; and the green-room became a rich, creamy lather of shawls, pillows for the Toby Belch stomach, yellow football stockings for Malvolio, bedroom curtains for cloaks, pokers for swords, odorous burnt cork, empty claret bottles, sweeping evening gowns, and the beaded milk-jug muslin for Olivia's virginal veil.

The little eyeases, after these essential matters had been settled, proceeded to reconstruct the play. They could hardly act all *Twelfth Night* from memory: there had to be a selection of scenes: and it will be of importance to the scholarly student of the theatre to note what salients, so to speak, Shakespeare and Mr. Wolfit's company had driven into the youthful mind. It became clear that Mr. Wolfit's Malvolio personally had made a deep impression, for the play opened with the Letter Scene. Joseph had secured the rôle of Malvolio. Virginia (aged nine) had put in a claim for it earlier, but withdrew when she perceived the greater advantages of Sir Toby. Virginia has recently, by accident, discovered



"Another new skin already?—What was wrong with your old one?"

herself to possess the gift of eructation at will; and her reactionary schoolmistresses, heedless of modern teaching practice, appear to forbid her its free exercise. Toby Belch was, therefore for her, as they say in the theatre, a gift. Joseph, as Malvolio, appeared to have retained a lively impression of the King's Theatre, Hammersmith: he had a consequential cough and a strong tendency to comic business. When he bent down to pick up Maria's letter, and suspected a tear in his breeches, he repeated the business frequently.

The four other scenes appeared at long intervals, during which the All-Star system seemed to involve acrimonious argument in the green-room, *sotto voce*, behind the screens. The scenes were, in order, the Viola-Olivia Wooing ("Make me a willow cabin") Scene: the Viola-Aguecheek duel: the Olivia-Sebastian wedding: and the drunken midnight Toby-Aguecheek-Malvolio ("What a caterwauling . . .!") Scene. It will be observed that Shakespeare, to young



persons with Hammersmith fresh and lasting in their remembrance, means High Sentimentality and Low Jinks.

A newcomer to *Twelfth Night* might have been a little puzzled by the sequence of events. It was made necessary by the doubling of parts: Olivia (Thea) being obliged to change from her 1929 ball-gown to the brown gym knickers and velvet bedroom curtain-cloak of Aguecheek, and Toby Belch (Virginia) being constrained to take off her burnt-cork beard in order to appear more convincingly as that dewy rose of Messaline, Viola.

It would take overlong to print this juvenile version of Shakespeare-via-Wolfit in its entirety. We might, however, study some of the Viola-Olivia Wooing Scene, and observe the emergence of Shakespeare. To be sure, there is a rich overlay of other material, from Miss Enid Blyton, or TV comedians, or a Victorian romance of knighthood, entitled *For the Love of a Lady*, discovered recently in an attic by Thea, and her current bed-book. But the Bard is somewhere in there, fighting.

The screens part spasmodically. OLIVIA (Thea) is discovered, seated, c. She is veiled in the beaded muslin off the milk-jug, and swathed in an adult ball-gown. It appears that V-necks are being worn very low in Illyria: a voice



"I want one that will remind a very dear friend of a loan."

from the stalls says "Oh, Thea, darling!", and modesty is restored by safety-pin handed across the footlights.

Enter round the screen R, MALVOLIO (Joseph) with five Wolfit coughs. He wears his grandmother's gold chain and carries a mop-handle as staff of office.

MALVOLIO. Ah-hum! Ah-hum! Fair madam, there is one at the gate.

OLIVIA. What manner of man?

MALVOLIO (laughing heartily). He has very bad manners. Ah-hum! Ah-hum!

OLIVIA (aside). I bet he's nice. I expect he's smash . . . Who is he?

MALVOLIO. I told you, I dunno. He's out there, anyway. (He gesticulates with his staff.)

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE. Joseph! Joseph! You'll put Thea's eye out.

MALVOLIO. Shan't, honest. Ah-hum! Ah-hum!

OLIVIA. Let him approach. We'll hear Orsino's embassy once again. And you stay out, Malvolio.

Enter VIOLA, R, with an ostrich feather in her hat and the drawing-room poker in her belt. MALVOLIO begins a long and complicated exit, with a bow, flourish, and "Ah-hum!" after every two steps.

VIOLA (with her eyes shut). Most radiant, exquisite, and . . . Oh, Joey, do get off!

MALVOLIO. Ah-hum! (Exit R.)

VIOLA. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmentionable beauty, may I see your face?

OLIVIA. I am in mourning for my brother's death, fair youth; but you may have a look. (Removes milk-jug muslin.) Is't not a good job?

VIOLA (swaggering like Miss Rosalind Iden). If God did it all.

VOICE OF MALVOLIO (behind screen). She said God! Virginia said God! I'm not allowed to say God, am I?

VIOLA (swaggering R). Fair lady, my lord and master loves you. You are the cruellest she who ever lived. (Swaggers L.)

OLIVIA. Good youth, I cannot love Orsino. But I wish you could call again on me, and we would have fun, and go caravanning.

VIOLA. Oh, no! (Swaggers L rapidly).

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE. Virginia, for heaven's sake don't fall into the fire.

OLIVIA. Oh, come again, fair knight! I am immured in this dread castle, and evil men begirt me. Come on your flashing steed, and set me free.

VIOLA (arms akimbo). My master, not myself, demands your love, and you would be surprised if you saw me not in this masculine attire.

OLIVIA (kneeling). Pray take this ring, and there's some money, too.

VIOLA. Pah, filthy gold! Farewell, fair cruelty!

VIOLA exits L, tossing curls. OLIVIA rises, sighs, and exits R, knuckling her eyes. MALVOLIO enters c and comes d c with lavish and mysterious gesture.

MALVOLIO (after a long pause). Ah-hum!

MALVOLIO sits on a chair that isn't there, OLIVIA is seen through the screens in her vest, and a loud ungenteel sound announces that VIRGINIA is warming up vocally for Sir Toby Belch. The scene closes.

Such, at any rate, is *Twelfth Night*, filtered through a sequence of interpretations. Surely a new field is opened for the theatrical student; and shall we not by this method, see into the pure, gold core of Shakespeare, all dross purged away? I assure Mr. Wolfit that the little eyeases are strictly professional in insisting on being "most tyrannically clapped for't."

Next week, by the way, I am taking them to see a matinée of *The Living Room*.

6 6

THE JOKE IN FULL

"The new Punch Almanack, out to-day, has a drawing of a bust of Beethoven standing at an open front door. The caption reads: 'It's only me.'"—*News Chronicle leader*.

The caption, should, of course, have read:

Jones (who has been out shopping and has bought, as a surprise (!) for his wife, a large bust of Beethoven). "It's ALL RIGHT, DEAR. IT'S ONLY ME!"

Collapse of Mrs. Jones. The poor old dear has failed to notice her spouse's legs protruding below the bust!!!



"On November 17, 1953, our television programmes will all be based on the assumption that television had been invented in the age of the first Elizabeth. This should be fun."—B.B.C. announcement

Moneymakers :

WHICH IS
YOUR TYPE?

BY WOLF MANKOWITZ

GROUP A. HONEYBEARS OR BUYERS*

HONEYBEARS are lovable, courageous, head-strong, essential creatures. They buy because the powerful hugging gesture of the delighted purchaser is natural to them. Whatever they



buy they love, until they buy something else. At this moment your bear is most lovable; now you can buy cheaply from him whatever he bought yesterday.

Most honeybears have money, because if you buy large enough and often enough, you always have something to sell. And if you sell large enough and often enough, sometimes you can't help making a profit. Honeybears love small profits on large scales.

The deadly enemy of the bear is the *bee* or *keepit* because by accumulating he restricts speculating. If you should see herds of bears climbing, rooting, and clambering about, beating the air desperately with their bonds to keep the bees off, you would be well advised to offer them anything you have for sale. They are suffering from *Honeybear's Wind* or *Inflation* and will pay exorbitant prices.

COMMENT. *Honeybears are easily tamed. They consume vast amounts of credit, but can perform incredible tricks. A quite average bear will easily juggle the same bag*

* Not to be confused with *City* or *silent bears* who sell (what they don't have) anticipating a fall (which is certain nowadays).

of stale buns until everyone gets the impression it owns a bakery. They are cleverer than they look.

GROUP B. BULLRUSHERS OR SELLERS

THE now extinct *City Bull* really bought in the days when there really was something to buy. At that time perverts who bought or sold promiscuously preyed on the *City Bulls*, and came to be called *Bullrushers*. When the old *City-state* declined, these *Bullrushers* or *sellers* became the dominant group. The old-fashioned *Bull* hunted alone, but with the rise of the *Bullrusher* the saying *Two's company, three's a limited company* came to have a sinister meaning.

Most *Bullrushers* are found on audit to have heavily-endowed wives, and no personal assets. Needless to



say they are salaried employees of hundred-pound companies, one medium-sized *Bullrusher* being worth any number of companies. This means very little, because the companies are valueless.

The *Bullrusher* believes in whatever he is selling, until he has sold out. He further believes he is doing good by making a profit, and that everyone should be done good to. Your inactive *Bullrusher* is a bore, and just hangs around the luxury flat interfering with his wife's adulterous arrangements. *Bullrushers* are not exactly impotent because they love to be tied down with chain-stores. They make wonderful collectors because after *bullrushing* everything seems so cheap.

COMMENT. *Bullrushers do not find out about their wives, partly because they are very busy but largely because they write old stock down automatically. Formerly large numbers were hung, drawn and quartered for piracy. To-day many suffer from liquidation due to careless manipulation of the returns. Your normal Bullrusher is incapable of understanding a simple form PX/zA/37/49568/b. Occupational disease is swollen overloads associated with hardened credit, and often leads to company failure.*

GROUP C. LEECHES OR SUCKERS

THE leech or sucker often appears to be dead but will respond quickly to irritation of the investments. Its sole method of survival is to attach itself to some large enterprise and suck up a small but regular dividend. In healthy climates this primitive technique is adequate. It is not adaptable to areas where the pound falls heavily.

When the sucker is firmly settled, it devotes its life to conserving a surplus. This it accumulates in its soft belly-sac. When the sac is full, the leech strengthens its grip on the parent body by reinvestment. Large public companies are, consequently, covered with suckers, and come to depend on them. The more they depend on one another the duller-witted they all become. Eventually they are nationalized.



This is a form of creeping bankruptcy which attacks very large "sucker" enterprises. As it advances to its final stage, a dry-rot welfare state known as *Dollarsus Disease*, thousands of suckers fall away doing their death duty. The condition is

difficult and expensive to cure; all profits have to be cut away, and life becomes so dreary that the few remaining suckers are only too pleased to drop off. Whatever happens, the sucker himself is certain to be sucked dry.

COMMENT. *Not recommended.*

GROUP D. SKUNKS OR STINKERS

THE common stinker thrives on suckers who, because of their eagerness for an improved rate of interest, are intrigued by his projects.

Dr. Scheister observed: "The skunk sidles alongside, uttering low comforting sounds. The leech is excited, and slowly unhooks itself from the vast enterprise on which it has lived for so long. The stinker throws a cloud of exotic anticipation over its prey, and the sucker is lost. The quicker animal fastens its large fang in the defenceless sac in which the leech stores its life-sustaining bonus-broth. The skunk swallows the sucker whole, after singing some appropriate melody such as 'Land of Hope and Glory.' After the massacre the skunk sighs and sidles up to the next sucker. Life must go on."

Observers have often expressed surprise at the poor sucker's apparent inability to recognize the wiles of its enemy. The fact is that suckers are too busy sucking to learn. In off seasons, when dividends are low, they are even duller than usual, and



are eaten. In good times they are just normally dull, and are eaten.

COMMENT. *The skunk is flashy, going in for bright displays of counterfeit hard specie. He is not*

a genuinely social type, although devoted to all classes of suckers.

SUB-GROUP D1. THE POLITICAL STINKER

THE political stinker never sings a song twice the same way. With his raucous voice and weak memory he is more dependent on incantation than the simple commercial skunk. Favourite cant includes UNITY, DEMOCRACY, PEACE, DEFENCE, FRIENDSHIP, int. a. To the non-musical or *Voting Sucker* this sounds like music. *Anyone using such terms unduly is almost certainly a skunk sidling up to you suckers with only one thought in mind.*

Hold on to your bellies and sit tight. Hold tight now. "But my friend, through unity we will defend democracy and preserve peace."



That's him. Don't let go. Oh dear. *But that's why they're suckers.*

REQUEST

If you must stink, please stink politically.

Business involves money and is therefore serious.

GROUP E. BEES OR KEEPIITS

YOUR bee is recognized by his response to money, hence the common name of Keepit. Bees carry small change in purses, do not smoke, sip vermouth-type wines, and always return mineral water bottles on which a deposit has been paid. Wingless bees or drones are nearly all employed by the British Broadcasting Corporation (non-profit making). Some, however, are executives in the film industry.

Bees are well-read mechanics

because everything they read is in triplicate. They are extremely dull and worry a great deal about money. The only amusing thing about these drones is their belief that they are a



select class. This is because snobism is the only hobby they can afford.

Bees of distinction are usually bankers. These keepits have the intelligence to make a profit on their compulsive tendency to put money in a safe place. Such profits are small but absolutely safe, and are made by lending money to Bull-rushers and Honeybears against securities worth three times the sums borrowed. There are worse and certainly more dangerous ways of making money than this. It is recommended.

Miser-bees are obsessive creatures who accumulate money which they leave to cats' homes with special provisos like "*only for treating mange in genuine English cats.*" If they have no money they accumulate empty jam-jars, bits of string, old rags, or foreign stamps (mostly French Colonials).

COMMENT. *Bees may be useful, but don't be one unless it's a banker.*

GROUP F. ANTS OR CRAWLERS

SOME pretend to love this vast depressed and vastly depressing class, but this is obviously impossible, except for ant-eaters. Ants sometimes imagine that ant-eaters are crawlers too. Especially when they say "*Wasn't I born in the Valley, and haven't I the same blue scars upon my body, same as you, bach?*" Ants find this question irresistible. They have been rightly described as mobile suckers. There are too many crawlers. Talented ants crawl out of

the ant-hills as quickly as possible, some into hives where they drone their lives away congratulating themselves on having improved their social position.

Among honeybears and bull-rushers are found self-made crawlers called Mastiff-ants. These bite harder and more often than the most rapacious skunks.

In this country ants are dutiful and full of humour induced by political antics which take their minds off work. They prefer, however, quite rightly, football pools, beer, going to the pictures, and radio comedians who frequently scream "Get cracking, Fred!" It is believed that they mistake these comics for trade union leaders.

COMMENT. *If you are a crawler, get cracking, Fred, before it's too late.*

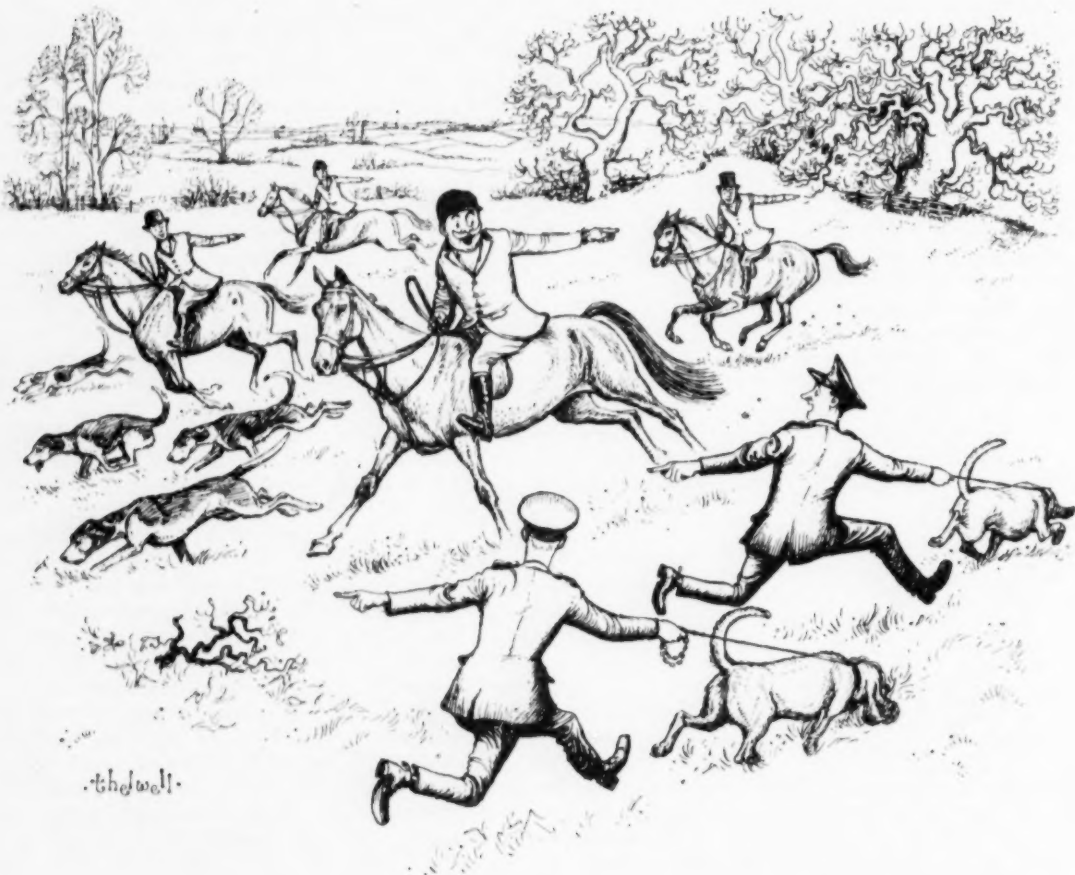
NOW ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

1. If a herring and a half cost a bullrusher 1½d., how much will he sell a herring for?.....
2. A honeybear buys 563 gross of 1916 calendars yesterday, 6,000 bottles of nerve tonic the day before, and six grammes of radium to-day. What will he buy to-morrow?.....
3. An eminent stinker once remarked, "My only wish is to see this country reach the high place it enjoyed in former times." What does he want?.....
4. A wealthy leech reinvests \$600, AL540, 1 million pesetas, and a quantity of unredeemed scrip, in a public utility which is to be nationalized. What are his prospects?.....
5. A swarm of bees settles in a large disused hotel which could earn upwards of a million dollars a year. What are they droning for?.....
6. One million ants believe in the rights of man. Who believes in the rights of ants?.....

ANSWERS

1. One hundred guineas.
2. Two tons of multi-coloured rubber balloons.
3. To be Prime Minister.
4. Don't be ridiculous.
5. The B.B.C. likes to lose money.
6. Any decent ant-eater.

If you got four or more answers correct you may apply for our free booklet on phlebitis in phleas (enclosure five pounds in stamps).



"HAST ANY PHILOSOPHY IN THEE, SHEPHERD?"



In view of recent electoral reverses President Eisenhower may well have been tempted to follow the example of Mr. Ben Gurion, Israeli Prime Minister, who is credited with the intention of retiring from public life and becoming a shepherd.

Under-Employment in Roaring Forties

I WAS an ancient mariner
 Before I passed my prime,
 And at its zenith my career
 Has verged on the sublime.
 I almost lived on buckshee beer.
 It was a happy time.
 I lived on having gone to sea
 Before the ironclads.
 I yarned upon the B.B.C.
 To scouts and youth-club lads,
 And often earned a useful fee
 For pipe-tobacco ads.
 I lived on being serene and sage
 And skilled in distant lands.
 My wrinkled face was all the rage
 From Bude to Brighton sands.

Punch had a poem (centre page)
 About my gnarled old hands.
 But now my once secure retreat
 No longer seems to hold,
 No longer do I dare repeat
 The tales so often told;
 For every other man I meet
 Is every bit as old.
 A time has come upon us when
 The old survive with ease,
 But hardly any boys of ten
 Elect to sail the seas;
 And the few able-bodied men
 Are working for degrees.
 So I perforce must re-engage
 To go to sea again,

And on a rank beginner's wage
 By aping youth obtain
 The living which by aping age
 I can no longer gain.
 I must endeavour to supply
 The age-group that is short.
 I must as in my youth be
 spry
 And ripe for spoil or sport,
 Doing my best to justify
 A wife in every port.
 Little of what I lived for then
 I now, alas, enjoy.
 But—one of you three gentlemen
 Could surely still employ
 An almost ageless citizen
 As extra cabin-boy?

P. M. HUBBARD

MODERN TYPES

BY GEOFFREY GORER

Lady Something and Sir Somebody



LADY SOMETHING is not a very good cook. She knows how dishes ought to look and taste; but though she invariably follows the instructions with considerable care, the result hardly ever seems to her "quite" what she intended. She sometimes frets a little about such failures; her husband, Sir Somebody, doesn't grumble; but she notices that he doesn't make nearly such big meals as he used to when the food was professionally prepared.

It is only in very recent years, since Sir Somebody reached the age of retirement, that she has actually handled a frying pan or a saucepan. In the previous decade she had not even set foot in a kitchen; in the different Government Houses or Legations, of increasing grandeur and inconvenience, which marked the culmination of Sir Somebody's career, a housekeeper or secretary acted as intermediary between Her Ladyship and the numerous kitchen staff. On first arrival, she would take a cursory look at the domestic arrangements of the "tied" palace of which she knew they would only be temporary occupiers. Even had she thought alterations desirable, she could not have had them made without the approval of the Ministry of Works; and by the time such approval was forthcoming the house would almost certainly have different inhabitants.

Practically the whole of her married life was spent out of England, two or three years in one country, and then a move again; her children were all born in different capitals; and those who survived the war were married from the official residences. She was a grandmother when Sir Somebody was retired; and since she thought young married couples should not have "in-laws" on top of them, she carefully chose a distant community for the little house where she and Sir Somebody would at last start a settled and domestic life, a solitary couple whom their juniors referred to as "elderly" and only the more

polite of their contemporaries called "middle-aged."

Their capital was just sufficient to buy and furnish the house; and all they had to live on was Sir Somebody's pension, no longer a very generous bounty from a not particularly grateful country. Sir Somebody is almost completely unemployable;



his age and his title bar nearly every potential approach; and there is little domestic demand for his special skills of diplomatic approaches and just government.

Lady Something is more fortunate; her special skills of affability, of seeing that nobody feels slighted or overlooked, of simulating intelligent interest on those occasions when she does not feel it, still have constant play; though her professional skill, of seeing that a large household runs smoothly, is little exercised with a "daily" who "obliges" three mornings a week.

Lady Something will always be a very amateur housewife, taking twice as long as a practiced woman would do to produce at best a passable result. She is constantly having to ask for advice from neighbours on matters which she finds insoluble and they consider "child's play." She is so little embarrassed by her ignorance that few people either laugh at her or pity her; some murmur that she is an "old muddler"

and make remarks about her clothes, which are indeed peculiar. She never had much "dress sense" even when her official position called for a large and varied wardrobe; her adaptations of these remnants of former splendour, especially her "working clothes," often verge on the grotesque.

Nobody has ever heard Lady Something grumble at the rapid transition from a life of almost the greatest pomp and circumstance that the country affords to one just, but only just, above the line of genteel poverty. She accepts the latter with just as good a grace as she accepted the former; the pomp and circumstance were part of her, and her husband's, job which they did as well as possible; if her present life is the appropriate reward, she will accept it and make as good a job as possible of it too.

Although she is not at all disturbed about herself, she does worry about Sir Somebody; a very busy man is now idle, a man whose views were treated as of almost world importance is now in danger of being shunned as a bore in the local club. He does odd chores round the house, potters ineffectually round the garden, and goes visiting with his wife. Except for colleagues in similar case, she can find few congenial acquaintances for him who would make the time pass less slowly. He is much happier when he can go up to London and see his old friends; but though Lady Something is ingenious in finding reasons why he should go to town without her, they cannot really afford for him to stay and eat at his club with any frequency.

Lady Something often fusses about her children and grandchildren, but she has only one real anxiety; she is terrified lest she die before Sir Somebody and so leave him alone and uncared for in his old age. In the natural course of things, the reverse is much more likely to happen, and she be left a widow; but this is a contingency to which she has never given a thought. She is almost completely without self-pity.

The Odyssey Retraced



*And ev'n as a minstrel, skilful in handling the lyre,
Easily stretches the string on a peg he has cut,
After trying the twisted sheepgut above and below,
E'en so without effort Odysseus bended the bow.*

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The Press Were Invited

Diplomatic Assignment

BY J. B. BOOTHROYD

IT is not clear whether the sherry and nuts are on General Neguib, or on the eminent firm of British art-dealers and their associates whose experts we are here to interrogate. Perhaps both. There is said to have been the closest collaboration between London and Cairo on all aspects of this affair—the forthcoming sale by auction of the Palace Collections of Egypt. In any case, the sixty or so newsmen gathered to-day in the tall, gloomily-panelled room at the Egyptian Embassy have larger things on their minds. The conference promises many piquancies. Those of us who have already earned editorial praise for earlier pieces on the subject—even if most of the credit was the photographer's—are alert for fresh triumphs.

The Egyptian Press attaché, a small, preoccupied man with a nervous trick of scratching his left

palm, is paler than one would have expected. But the experts whom he presently introduces look bronzed and fit, even though, as their eminent leader says in his speech of welcome, "Not all of us have been able to leave London for Cairo, owing to pressure of business in our London sale rooms"—a remark which earns, from the as yet polite company, a murmur of sympathy.

While the distinguished numismatists, philatelists and others are being formally presented, attention naturally strays to our handsome illustrated brochures; and in some elusive particular the temperature of excitement falls, the tide of animated expectation recedes. This superb Berlin jewelled snuff-box, made for Frederick the Great, is all very well; we should be the last to despise these gold telescopes "charmingly enamelled and with diamond sprays"; none could be

more sensitive than we to the delights of a gold dish presented by the Shah of Persia to Sir Gore Ouseley, Bt., in 1813; yet, somehow, we feel, as we jostle towards the cheese-straws, a sense of incompleteness. There seems to be a great number of rare paperweights . . . foreign stamps . . . musical automata . . . jewelled coffee-cup holders . . .

"What does all this mean to you?" murmurs one reporter to another. "Not a thing," comes the frank reply. "I want to know what they're going to do with all his—"

But now a voice is raised publicly. Questions have begun.

"The section listed under 'Objects of Vertu'," says the voice—and someone suppresses a titter. "What would that cover, exactly?"

The chief expert raises an eyebrow at a colleague, who puts down his glass and reaches for a nut. It would cover, he says, Georgian



"That would make rather a good photograph."

scent-flacons, musical automata, snuff-boxes, many very rare and beautiful paperweights—

"What about 'Objects of Art,' then?" says the voice. It is tinged with disappointment. "Objects of Art," it seems, are much the same as "Objects of Vertu." In fact, as the leading expert recklessly interposes, "One might say that an Object of Art—ah—embraces an Object of Vertu." There is laughter and a sharp buzz of talk.

"Has the former King," asks a loud voice near the drinks table, bringing us back to order, "expressed any interest in the forthcoming sales?"

"In what way?"

"Won't there be some items of personal interest he'd want to buy back?"

"I'm sorry, sir—I'm afraid I don't quite —"

"Didn't I read some place"—an American voice—"that he'd gotten a whole lot of—?"

But the Press attaché, with a deft step forward, thinks the question outside the scope of the conference. The experts bow their grateful acknowledgment, and the numismatist takes the opportunity to remind us of the unrivalled collections of coins and medals which will be coming under his hammer next January. Any inquiry about the coins and—

"Are there any, well, peculiarly interesting items," asks a heavy guest in a raincoat, "worthy of special mention? For instance—"

"Indeed," replies the numismatist with enthusiasm. "The Guernsey five-shilling piece of 1809 must be—"

"I don't seem to see anything in this brochure," says the American voice, "about paintings. I read some place that these Palaces—"

"Someone before you, sir, I fancy—asking about the stamp collections. Perhaps our stamp expert would . . . ?"

The stamp expert speaks with fluency, placing particular emphasis on a world rarity in the Guiana two cents rose. He makes the mistake, however, of pausing for breath after rhapsodizing over a 3-lire Tuscany on cover, and the loud voice from the drinks table gets in.



"Who do you think you're talking to?"

"Any works of art at all?"

"Naturally," says the leading expert, crumbling a biscuit. "A highly comprehensive collection of Gallé glass, in many and various—"

"Paintings," says the loud voice.

"No—ah—paintings are included in the Collections."

"Why not?"

"I suppose he didn't collect them. Some of the paperweights are most—"

"Any interesting sculptures?"

"No decision has been taken about selling the sculptures. A very fine series of candelabra with fable subjects—"

"So there are no works of art in the proper sense?" This is the heavy man, with a very neat question indeed. The experts flash a sidelong S.O.S. to the Press attaché who, sharp on cue, thinks the question outside the scope of the conference.

Well, we know when we are

beaten. We have got all we are going to get about the Palace Collections of Egypt, and if tomorrow morning's readers find more than a five-line paragraph at the foot of a column they can count themselves lucky. We put away our notebooks and begin a determined pressure towards the exit. As the American voice puts its last question the conference is virtually over.

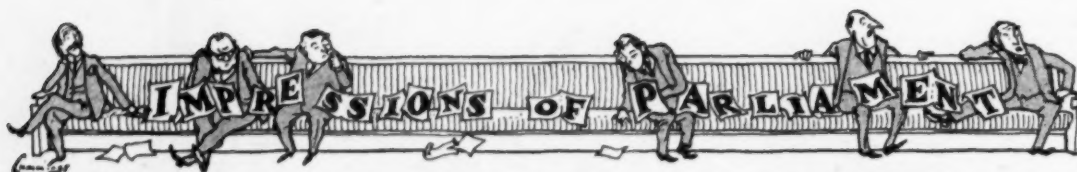
"Didn't I read some place there was a quantity of unusual statuary?" The voice is pitched to override the rising hubbub. But it's no use. The experts do not hear.

2 2

A Bare Beginning

"Sixty nudists, including a dozen women, met in London last night for the opening of the British Sun Bathing Association's annual conference. And very soon the gloves were off."

News of the World



Tuesday, November 3

The captains and the kings depart; Her Majesty, having given the Government's programme a sweeter sound than it is likely ever to have again, drives home between the cheering ranks of proletarians and plain-clothes policemen; and Parliament, a little better-dressed than usual, proceeds with the business of governing.

Their Lordships, in their aristocratic fashion, heard the Earl of ROTHES move the humble Address and Earl St. ALDWYN second it, and adjourned in time for tea. The faithful Commons, on the other hand, were unwilling to waste a moment before flying at each other's throats. First Mr. ATTLEE embarked on a painstaking paragraph-by-paragraph dissection of the Gracious Speech. His manner was minatory rather than critical; he "took note of" almost everything but did not commit himself to any extempore condemnations.

The Prime Minister, whose absence during the morning's ceremony had started a rumour that he

was ill again, was on the contrary in excellent heart.

He reaffirmed his belief that a General Election was still distant; two years ago many had expected another trial of strength, "making three quarrelsome, costly, machine-made tumults in less than three years," and Parliament should be left to do its job. From this spring-board he launched off into a fine bravura passage about parliamentary government, calling for more tolerance and fewer "rows." "But I am not suggesting," he added, "that our goal is a coalition; that would be carrying goodwill too far!"

The most controversial measure in the programme, the proposal to amend the Rent Restriction Acts, he cunningly introduced with a quotation from Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, to show how well it should accord with left-wing doctrine. It was not immediately clear whether the left-wing elements in the House were disposed to be beguiled. When he had finished, Private Members at once mounted their hobby-horses, and the numerous Members who had listened to Sir WINSTON obligingly cleared the House for them.

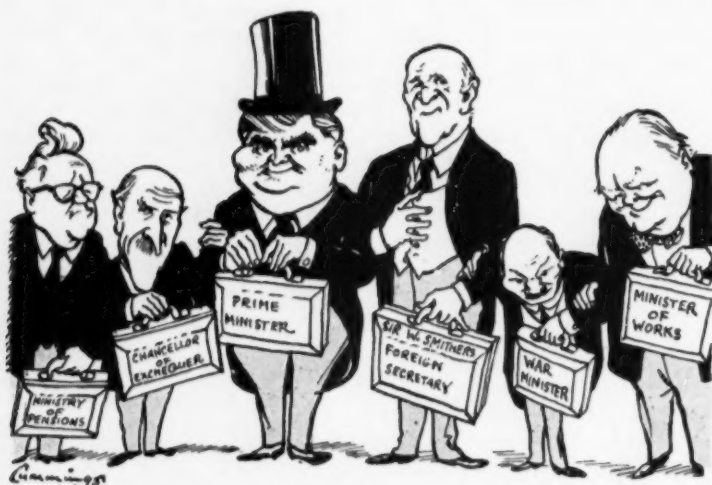
Wednesday, November 4

The Opposition was *not* beguiled. Far from acceding to the Prime Minister's desire for co-operation, they made it clear from the word go that they were determined to take the new housing proposals as the opportunity for bitter party strife. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON opened with a recapitulation, somewhat amplified after his night's reflection and delivered in his best Rotarian style, of what Mr. ATTLEE had said off the cuff yesterday; but before long he was throwing genial insults at the Prime Minister, who withstood them with what looked like a slightly forced good-temper.

Mr. MACMILLAN, when he rose to expound his new scheme, took a few minutes to get settled down. As with a wireless comedian who overworks a tiresome catch-phrase, one comes to dread the moment when Mr. MACMILLAN trots out his bit about the Conservatives' housing record; on this occasion he went further and took credit for the record of an earlier Tory Government under Disraeli. Not until he reached the lyrical passage about his father's bathroom did he really get into his stride, and by then he had almost reached the end of his speech. The Opposition made it clear that even if his scheme was good they wouldn't like it.

Mr. JAMES STUART, the Secretary of State for Scotland, did not improve matters later on with a speech of measureless obscurity about the separate proposals for Scotland.

All the same, neither of the Ministers really deserved to have "Nye" let loose on him. Mr. BEVAN outdoes Mr. MACMILLAN in his smugness about his housing record; by some chicanery with figures he managed on this occasion to prove to his own content, if to no one else's, that his achievement was really *better* than the Tories' in this matter,



Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL: That would be carrying goodwill too far.



Quarrelsome, costly, tumult-making machine (Churchill patent).

that the Government "hoped by eight years after the war to achieve what we achieved three years after the war." For half an hour he matched records with Mr. MACMILLAN; only in his last ten minutes did he advance his own suggestion, that every rent-controlled home should be handed over to the local authorities. It was an impressive performance, though if the truth were told most of those it was intended to impress do not sit on either side of the House of Commons.

Thursday, November 5

The Lords, less verbose and less disputatious than the Commons, managed to finish their deliberations on the Gracious Speech by dinner-time. The week's most notable offering was Lord SAMUEL's castigation of contemporary indulg-

ence in "the vices of Sodom and Gomorrah." To-day's proceedings dealt chiefly with foreign affairs; but in the current between-the-acts state of foreign affairs the debate was hardly stimulating.

Foreign affairs, too, in the Commons, with some seasonable Guy Fawkes *feux d'artifice* on the touchy question of Egypt. Mr. EXOCH POWELL, from the Government benches, threw the first thunder-flash into the Chamber with his picture of the future of the Suez Canal if we withdrew our troops, and his less convincing picture of American plotters easing the British out of the Middle East while they eased themselves in. Mr. JULIAN AMERY fanned the flames later on; though he disclaimed an "old-fashioned nationalist or Imperialist" approach, that was, in fact, what he brought to the question, with considerable effect. Mr. ANTHONY NUTTING, winding up with his usual

hounded expression on his face, wisely left the Egyptian business pretty well alone; clearly neither side of the House was happy about developments there.

Friday, November 6

The first week's discussion of the Speech from the Throne came to an end with a dis-

House of Commons: Economic Situation cussion on economic affairs.

Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL threw a series of questions at the Chancellor of the Exchequer: what is happening about the convertibility of sterling? what is happening about the Commonwealth Development Corporation? what is happening about dollar aid? The questions were of the rhetorical variety, that is, asked without the expectation of an answer, so presumably Mr. GAITSKELL did not leave for the week-end in any unduly frustrated condition.

B. A. YOUNG



BOOKING OFFICE

Looking at Pictures

Seeing and Knowing. Bernard Berenson. Chapman and Hall, 18/-.

Caravaggio: His Incongruity and His Fame. Bernard Berenson. Chapman and Hall, 18/-.

THESE two books are, of course, addressed primarily to people already interested in painting, and, I suppose, it would be idle to recommend them to those in whose lives pictures play no part. On the other hand, there may be some to whom the name of Mr. Bernard Berenson (now nearer ninety than eighty) suggests such alarming scholarship and expertise that they might be inclined to pass such volumes by, perhaps on the ground that *Seeing and Knowing* sounds ominously metaphysical, or that Caravaggio is an Old Master to whom they are not greatly attracted. That would be a great mistake.

Mr. Berenson's style is, it is true, a trifle peculiar, suggesting at times translation from a foreign language. It is rather like walking with him over a marsh in gumboots, every moment feeling that a boot will be lost, and yet finally arriving successfully, and perfectly protected, on dry land. His manner has the inestimable advantage of combining seriousness with frivolity: deep learning with a knowledge of the world.

Seeing and Knowing takes a swift glance at pictures from primitive frescoes of bison in the caves of Altamira to Cézanne's Provençal firs and viaducts, and the race-meetings of Degas. There are eighty-eight plates to illustrate the author's argument.

"Representation is a compromise with chaos whether visual, verbal, or musical," he writes. "The compromise prolonged becomes a convention. The convention may last for a season, as is the case with a fashion, or for a thousand years, as in ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia as well as in China and most other lands, Asian, African, American, before their contact with hellenized Europeans." He goes on to administer a sharp attack on contemporary

art. "In past ages," says Mr. Berenson, "art has sunk as low, although probably with no such smirking self-adulation as it has to-day."

Now one of the difficulties about the vast majority of people who feel bitterly about "modern art" is that they are not really interested in pictures at all. After a few minutes' conversation it becomes clear that a



vague memory of "When did you last see your father?" constitutes their main equipment for tackling an exceedingly complicated matter. It is—in my experience—extremely rare to find that such persons visited the National Gallery at all recently, or can give any coherent account of what pictures they really do like. Where knowledge, enthusiasm, or awareness is concerned, it must be admitted to be usually a walk-over for the adherents of "modern art." It is, therefore, of particular interest to hear the views of a connoisseur of Mr. Berenson's standing.

To begin with, he puts M. Picasso with Raphael and Ingres as a draughtsman; supplying two plates that face one another and contrast Picasso's "academic" with his least compromising styles. Briefly, Mr. Berenson's objection is not, of course, the ludicrous one that "modern" artists "can't draw," but they have

been carried away for much too long by one special kind of romanticism. The strength of his attack is that he sees perfectly well that at a certain stage this specific approach may have been desirable, even inevitable. He is himself subtly aware of that curious mixture of understanding and gaiety that gives the sensuous force to many great pictures. It was this tide—or rather these two currents—that washed in the painters of Picasso's generation, who will always have a warm place with those to whom they came as revelation. That these painters were not always "serious" was to their admirers their great quality, a fact so difficult to explain to antagonists, whose failure to grasp this fact removes any basis for discussion. Mr. Berenson, quite apart from his learning, obviously possesses to a tremendous degree this familiar sensuous enjoyment of pictures, which in itself implies a lightness of touch. His plea is for a return to a classical approach.

His work on Caravaggio develops a number of the points he makes in the general book by applying his method of criticism to an individual painter. Caravaggio is sometimes regarded as the originator of baroque painting. Mr. Berenson comments that "baroque" used to mean "twisted columns, broken pediments, overpowering proportions, cornices too projecting, relief too bulging, everything beyond human expectation or demand yet with no suggestion of the superhuman let alone the supernatural." He goes on to show that since baroque became the fashion there seems no stopping people from applying the term. Rubens is a "baroque" painter, Shakespeare is a "baroque" writer! Caravaggio's extravagances cannot, he holds, be called "baroque," unless we are prepared to go to these lengths.

"Incongruity, sister to wit and to the grotesque, is a by-road full of interest and instruction that may ultimately lead us back enriched to the high road of visual art as well as verbal art," writes Mr. Berenson. "It flourishes best when, as in our

day among the unhappy few, inquiry becomes tactlessly insistent and all values are brought to trial before a court that believes in no law." The two books are full of stimulating opinions, and everyone who enjoys pictures should read them.

ANTHONY POWELL

A Time to Laugh. Laurence Thompson. *Deutsch*, 8/6

A coy disclaimer on the back of the jacket gives us to understand that this first novel rests on the author's wartime experience with the Sudan Service Corps. The book tells of a primitive recruit and his relations with men of other ranks and races, mostly soldiers as temporary as himself. It begins uncertainly in a jocular, Sanders-of-the-River sort of style, but on the firmer ground of Service life soon becomes more impressive.

Mr. Thompson's characterization and descriptive narrative are good, and he could easily have written a competent and absorbing semi-autobiographical story from the Englishman's point of view. Instead he has attempted a serious picture of a primitive mind at home, in unfamiliar difficulties and again at peace. In this, inevitably, he is less successful. But the result is still a much more valuable and respectable book than the other would have been, and he is to be congratulated on his choice and what he has made of it.

P. M. H.

The Private Dining-Room. Ogden Nash. *Dent*, 8/6

Although some of the items in this collection are so rich in contemporary American allusion that their finer points may be lost on the English reader, many might have been written for him, for there are no frontiers in Mr. Nash's alert and well-stored mind, as there are none in his extremely varied technique. Here he ranges from polished light verse which Calverley could have admired to the cunningly irregular metres that set off so perfectly both his irreverent wit and his verbal acrobatics. Who but he could think of TV glamour girls as Community Chests, or declare that when he throws rocks at sea-birds he leaves no tern unstoned?

Occasionally, as in his long account of a lecture-tour, he grows dangerously thin, but his average is enviable. Because he can be so funny he will probably never be recognized as one of the most serious of living satirists, a civilized man who refuses to be taken in by "progress."

E. O. D. K.

Vineyards in England. Edward Hyams and 14 other Vinearoons. *Faber*, 25/-

From the cheerful notion that a vine-cutting just pushed into the ground will produce grapes of some sort in its second year it is a short

journey for a team of enthusiasts to the claim that our mediaeval vineyards can speedily return in all their glory. A spell of hundreds of years of bad weather is ended, the raising of disease-free varieties has solved half the problems, and a happy combination of soil and climate may anywhere give birth to royal fruit. The pilgrimage is illumined by the music of noble plant names—Chasselas Rose, Frontignan, Perle de Czaba, Précoce de Malingre, Gamay Hâtif des Vosges.

This book is disguised as a practical growers' manual, with adequate if rather chemically-minded directions for turning fragrant must into commercial ordinaire, but at heart it is a nostalgic sighing for the days when mellow sunshine basked undisturbed on garden walls and spreading leaves, no planes in the Kentish sky, no smell of petrol in the Surrey lanes.

C. C. P.

I Said to My Wife. Jean Duché. Translated by Virginia Graham; illustrated by Nicolas Bentley. *Deutsch*, 9/6

It is odd to find a French funny book using the old-fashioned and worn-out featherheaded-wife subject as if it were completely fresh. To begin with, I felt that the next time Juliette committed one of her pretty extravagances or Jean raged in baffled helplessness I should throw the book across the room and turn to something factual and masculine about harpooning elks. Then I realized that I was imagining a book that was not there. This is not the usual mixture of coyness and buffoonery but a short novel about real people in a developing relationship, full of extravagantly farcical episodes and unsentimental passion and grimly ruthless comedy.

Some of it is very funny and some quite moving. In retrospect, the humorous clichés are forgotten and the pattern becomes clearer in all its complexities. However, it would be doing an entertaining little book no service to praise its serious qualities at the expense of its levity. The translation reads easily while delicately suggesting the foreignness of the original.

R. G. G. P.

Always a Countryman. Lord Tweedsmuir. *Robert Hale*, 21/-

The title is apt (most titles are not) because the author has shown that wherever he went (in England, in Scotland, off Scotland, in Africa, in Canada, in Egypt, and in the Faroes) he remained a countryman. When wounded in Italy he noticed one small thing before he lost consciousness—a redstart on an olive bough—"a small beautiful spark of innocent life on this ridge that reeked and reverberated with the fury of man."

Undoubtedly a fisherman, and a good and modest one, he understands the necessary squeeze of the rifle which

shows good training in the use of firearms. There was a time when he joined the Hudson Bay Company. He appreciated the feelings of a worn-out sleigh dog, but he does not mention what he found in the traps that were, of necessity, visited so seldom. Back now in Africa, is it not unwritten law that all wounded big game should be followed to the death? It is a very readable, interesting but not a well-written book.

B. E. B.

The Days Before. Katherine Anne Porter. *Secker and Warburg*, 18/-

This enjoyable collection of reprinted literary and general articles is distinguished by a curt commonsense that presents the gains of a lifetime's reading and feeling as though to an audience of cultured but calm matrons. Its tone is cooler than the experience it describes and evaluates. It is a by-product of thirty years of writing short stories, admiring the early-twentieth-century masters and travelling round the edges of the U.S.A.

Miss Porter is best on her heroes, Pound and Joyce, weakest on places and social problems. On the whole she ignores writers she does not enjoy, though she cuts up Gertrude Stein in an essay whose contemptuous fairness increases the chill of its ruthlessness. Miss Porter does not ignore the big, general topics of our time, and she prints various declarations that show



"I don't suppose anything would come of it, but I do know a certain back-bencher who's well in with a fellow who might introduce you to someone who knows Edgar Lustgarten."

her unsuccessfully trying to force herself into being the kind of writer who is more at home in questionnaires and manifestoes than in stories or poems.

R. G. G. P.

The Stories of Frank O'Connor.

Hamish Hamilton, 12/6

From Sheridan and Wilde to Shaw and O'Casey, Irish writers are full of blarney, and Mr. O'Connor is well in the tradition. The twenty-two stories selected from his various books, with five previously uncollected, celebrate Irish characters whimsical and hard-headed, imaginative and mean, open-handed and full of weaselly cunning. Colloquialisms are blended with rhetoric, a fine exaggerative power is held in check by meticulous craftsmanship.

The best stories are those about children—the riotous comedy of the little boy who keeps his father sober by getting drunk himself, and becomes known as Loony Larry when he tries to apply Greyfriars standards in a tough Irish school. But the range of characters is wide, and treatment varies from the pathos of "Christmas Morning" to the realism of "The Luceys." This book should establish Mr. O'Connor in the thin front line of present day short-story writers. J. S.

The Actor's Ways and Means.

Michael Redgrave. Heinemann, 10/6

It was a formidable task, even for a serious and intelligent actor, to try to impart the secrets of his craft; indeed, it is questionable whether such a thing is possible at all. If Mr. Redgrave has fallen short of complete success he has at least failed nobly and with modesty; he promises us in his foreword only an "interim statement" but in fact gives us revealing glimpses of a final balance sheet.

The lectures reprinted here were originally delivered at Bristol University; aided no doubt by inflexion and gesture, they probably came over inspiringly; it is the freezing into print which makes them a little heavy going. J. B. B.

The Golden Apples of the Sun.

Ray Bradbury. Hart-Davis, 10/6

In this ten-times-welcome new collection of stories, Ray Bradbury has begun to outgrow the science-fiction nursery in which he has reared his talent; only half a dozen of these twenty tales are on characteristically Bradburyesque themes. From the rest, more directly comparable with the work of his contemporaries, it is possible more easily to judge his status as a writer; and he passes the test with honours. Some of these stories—"The Great Wide World Over There," for example, and "Invisible Boy" and "Sun and Shadow"—are absolutely outstanding.

Ray Bradbury's richly curious style, with its imaginative use of familiar words, is the ideal vehicle for stories that combine cynicism and sentiment in a highly personal blend. It would be a pity if he were to abandon science-fiction altogether, having shown, alone among its exponents, that it can also be literature. B. A. Y.



AT THE PLAY

The Sleeping Prince (PHOENIX)
Antony and Cleopatra (PRINCES)

MR. TERENCE RATTIGAN describes his new play as an occasional fairy tale, and this must be the first time that Cinderella has sprung from Milwaukee. As a young American actress, wide-eyed but fly, she is brought to the Carpathian Legation to solace the evening of a lonely Grand Duke; and in thirty-six crowded hours, marred at the start by an inexperience of vodka, she melts her host's crusted heart, rearranges the politics of the Balkans, goes to the Abbey as a lady-in-waiting to see the crowning of King George V, breaks up the Coronation Ball with a one-step, and finally, a sad but sensible Cinderella, declines the offer of a little villa in Carpathia with fifteen servants.

This sounds as if *The Sleeping Prince* were a busy piece. In fact, it could be called slight, though that would give a false impression of its sustained surprise and of the skill with which Mr. RATTIGAN has shaped it. There is only one set, an appallingly grand room at the Legation. At the core of the play are two long scenes

gently satirizing the Edwardian technique of high-level seduction. In the first the Duke is the pursuer, in the second the pursued; and by repeating the pattern Mr. RATTIGAN has got a deliciously ironic contrast. Outside this central bracket are the Duke's eccentric wife, whose rôle of Fairy Godmother Miss MARTITA HUNT makes wonderfully amusing; his son, the boy King, up to his neck in palace intrigues, and a bewildered attaché from the British Foreign Office—Mr. JEREMY SPENSER and Mr. RICHARD WATTS deal with these faithfully.

But the big part belongs to Cinderella. Miss VIVIAN LEIGH is on the stage almost all the evening, and not for a moment too long. I doubt if she has ever been so good. It is an altogether charming performance, full of comic resource; confined, with spectacular self-sacrifice, to a single gown. Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER has less to do, and does it perfectly—the transformation of a thick-set, guttural autocrat from a case-hardened man of the world into an ingenuous lover.

I don't think this play will read anything like so well as, for instance, *The Deep Blue Sea*, but in the theatre it is delightfully entertaining. Much of its force depends on small unspoken effects, carefully planned by the author and given the fullest weight in Sir LAURENCE's production. In his dresses, and in particular his hats, Mr. ROGER FURSE also helps generously.

To bring the cream of Stratford direct to London is such a sound idea that it is hard to understand why the experiment has never been tried before.



Mary—MISS VIVIAN LEIGH

The King—MASTER JEREMY SPENSER

The Grand Duke—SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

[*The Sleeping Prince*

This year's cream was unquestionably Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW's *Antony and Cleopatra*, a blessedly straightforward production which concentrates on good speech, fine acting, and swift and simple presentation. To see it again, after it has had a whole summer to run itself in, is a rare pleasure.

Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE's Antony which in April I thought the best thing he had done, has gained considerably in depth; the whole of Antony is contained in an immensely impressive and interesting performance, that makes him an intensely human figure. At Stratford the *Cleopatra* seemed a beautiful miniature, lacking the element of storm solely because that doesn't happen to be part of Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT's enviable equipment. To some extent this is still true, but it is now much less noticeable, for her *Cleopatra* has become more frankly sensual. The Caesar remains debatable, Mr. MARIUS GORING playing him with the exaggeratedly trim precision of an earnest leader of a youth club who knows exactly what he wants. Caesar is unlikely to have been handicapped by a sense of humour, but for all its authority this interpretation is sometimes in danger of drawing laughs in the wrong places. The rough, honest Enobarbus of Mr. HARRY ANDREWS was, and is, superb, and the minor characters reflect the perception and care of the producer. At a second tasting Mr. BYAM SHAW's sureness of touch strikes one again and again, and so does the unobtrusive charm of MOTLEY's decorations.

Recommended

King John (Old Vic), very well acted. *Witness for the Prosecution* (Winter Garden), an unusually exciting Agatha Christie. And *Gypsy and Dolls* (Coliseum), Runyon magically trapped in a musical. ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Island in the Sky—Mogambo

OMINOUS at the beginning of *Island in the Sky* (Director: WILLIAM A. WELLMAN) is the sound of a heavenly choir cooing behind the credit titles. Oh, one thinks with a sinking of the heart, it's that kind of picture: noble sentiments, religiosity, sententious philosophizing . . . And there does indeed prove to be more than a touch of this kind of atmosphere here and there.

Not enough, though, to prevent my enjoying it. I found it an absorbing and well-done film, and I think plenty of other people will.

The framework of the story is simple. During the war, an Air Transport plane makes a forced landing in the Arctic, hundreds of miles from



Island in the Sky

d'Annunzio—WALLY CASSELL; Dooley—JOHN WAYNE; Lovett—SEAN MCCLORY

anywhere, on a frozen lake among hundreds of others that from the air look exactly alike. At U.S. headquarters a search is organized. We watch the search, we watch the struggles of the lost men to keep alive, we get a glimpse or two of the families and homes of some of them; that really sums up the film. Yet the detail is so convincing and entertaining, the playing and direction are so assured and competent that the piece holds one's attention without a break and offers a great deal of pleasure, some excitement and touches of genuine as well as forced emotion.

JOHN WAYNE is the captain of the lost aircraft, a part that gives much scope for his well-known corrugation of the forehead, his snarls to conceal the heart of gold. The members of his crew are not very much differentiated, though there is the customary eager, boyish and fairly simple-minded young husband. Among the things I appreciated most were certain incidentals on the search side of the story, particularly the skilfully directed briefing conferences. The other pilots at these are more memorable characters, chiefly because they are played by such familiar personalities as LLOYD NOLAN, ANDY DEVINE and ALLYN JOSLYN.

But after all the author (screenplay by ERNEST K. GANN from his own novel) was mainly concerned with pilots: there are moments of pretentiously rhetorical commentary to tell us about "their special guarded world, their island in the sky." This too is an aspect of the picture that I prefer to ignore. What I do want to make clear is that in spite of such drawbacks it is still enjoyable, for its supreme competence, its interesting detail and some striking aerial photography.

It is surprising to find JOHN FORD

directing such a piece of sheer hokum as *Mogambo*. Nobody could pretend that this isn't entertaining, but hokum is really the only word for it. There is wonderful stuff to look at on the wide screen: beautiful Technicolor pictures of Africa, fascinating shots of animals. But the story seems to be a barefaced device for combining the box-office appeal of this sort of thing with the box-office appeal of CLARK GABLE and AVA GARDNER.

Miss GARDNER appears as a show-girl stranded (for reasons perfunctorily explained) at the camp of a white hunter (Mr. GABLE) whose job is to catch wild animals for zoos and so forth. A young British anthropologist and his wife—one gets the impression that their Britishness is exaggerated for the American audience—join the party, to provide extra emotional disturbance; and the result adds up to the approved money-making formula—passionate, comic, melodramatic and exciting scenes held apart by "background," in which we are shown straightforward pictures of African phenomena on the excuse that the fictional characters are looking at them. Certainly it's as good a way as any of killing nearly two hours with absolutely no after-effects.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A less unexpected—though still hardly characteristic—work of John Ford's now in London is *The Sun Shines Bright*, a lovingly made, sentimental, atmospheric piece from Irvin S. Cobb's Judge Priest stories. *The Conquest of Everest* continues, and *Julius Caesar* has arrived.

Island in the Sky (see above) is also among the releases. Another very well worth seeing is Group Threes's *Background* (14/10/53).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

"An Agency Message Quotes . . ."

THERE are times when I turn for variety and amusement to the fare provided for British listeners by certain Continental radio stations. Don't ask me which stations: I merely twiddle the knobs until I locate unfamiliar unconstitutional voices and accents and until the overlap of extraneous cosmic din has been reduced to a minimum. All I know is that there seems to be a fair number of these interlopers.

Their programmes are sponsored, it seems, either by commercial advertisers or by odd religious sects. In recent weeks I have tuned in to chocolate, soap powders, patent medicines and depilatories, a team of "do-gooders" financed in California and a melodious band of evangelists with a business address in Holloway Road, and I have no hesitation in recommending all serious students of radio to follow my example.

The programmes consist almost entirely of gramophone records and the kind of disc-jockey patter familiar to followers of Housewives' Choice, but they do offer some kind of contrast to our normal radio rations and help us to identify the strong and weak spots in the fabric of broadcasting to which the B.B.C. has accustomed us.

Let us consider announcers and news-readers. Now it is generally accepted, I think, that the B.B.C. does a pretty good job with its News. It is put together neatly enough and read (except for occasional strange lapses) with the impartiality of Solomon. No one would pretend that the News is a sparkling programme; there are no "banner headlines," no arresting or provocative turns of phrase, nothing juicy, gossipy or intentionally amusing.



"I had to give it up."

The News reads like an expurgated, heavily censored, mealy-mouthed rehash of the front page of a popular daily; and for this most listeners (and certainly the newspaper proprietors) are of course grateful. We switch on the News nowadays merely to be assured that no new catastrophe has descended on us.

Given such unpromising material (try, if you have the mind for it, to read aloud the news summary, "To-day's News," that appears each day at the foot of column one of *The Times* leader page: this is the nearest approach, in cold print, to the output of the B.B.C. news-rooms) it is remarkable that the readers manage to sound so wide-awake and determinedly alert, and also that they manage so often to avoid any serious deviation from the prescribed phrasing, inflection and interpretation. It is exceptional when we detect any hint of partisanship in their efforts. When they do occasionally slip up, when industrial fatigue or something leads them into errors of

pronunciation, a spoonerism or two, or a "personalized" emphasis of meaning we are appropriately shocked.

The News is dull, then, for two reasons, because it deals almost exclusively with traditionally safe items—the weather, foreign affairs, parliamentary debate, conferences, trade returns and obituary notices—and because it is delivered in a style as impersonal as TIM or an "I Speak Your Weight" machine. We accept this daily dullness without question, as the price that has to be paid for the B.B.C.'s rigid sense of decency and fairness, and it is only when we happen to overhear the news-readers of foreign stations that we wonder whether the price is rather stiff. The news broadcasts emitted by the American Forces in Europe often seem to my ears infinitely brighter, more interesting and more intelligible than those of Portland Place, and no less discreet, objective and balanced. Why? Because some effort is made to lighten the suety mass of heavy news with items of a light, even a flippant nature, and because the readers are encouraged to give the impression that they understand what they are reading.

The News is becoming as stereotyped and as sing-song as the old-fashioned church sermon, and the old-fashioned sermon, as we all know, put congregations everywhere to sleep and to flight.

If Miss Betty Bouncer is to retain her affection for the announcer "down at the B.B.C." he will have to switch on a little more charm. Somewhere between the two extremes of bright irresponsibility *à la* certain newspapers and safe soulless meticulousness *à la* B.B.C. there must be plenty of territory for the prospector, and it is high time that the news-hounds of Portland Place got out their theodolites.

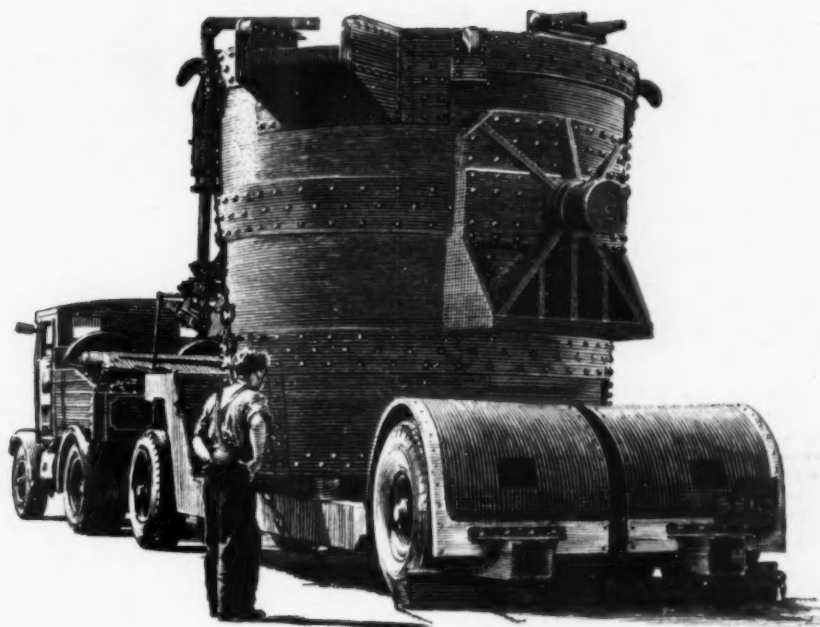
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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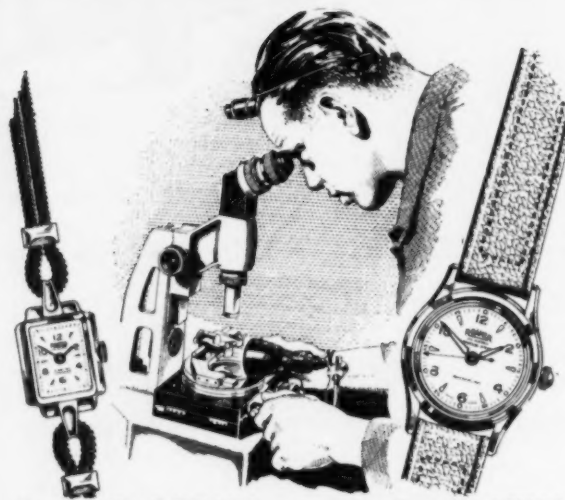
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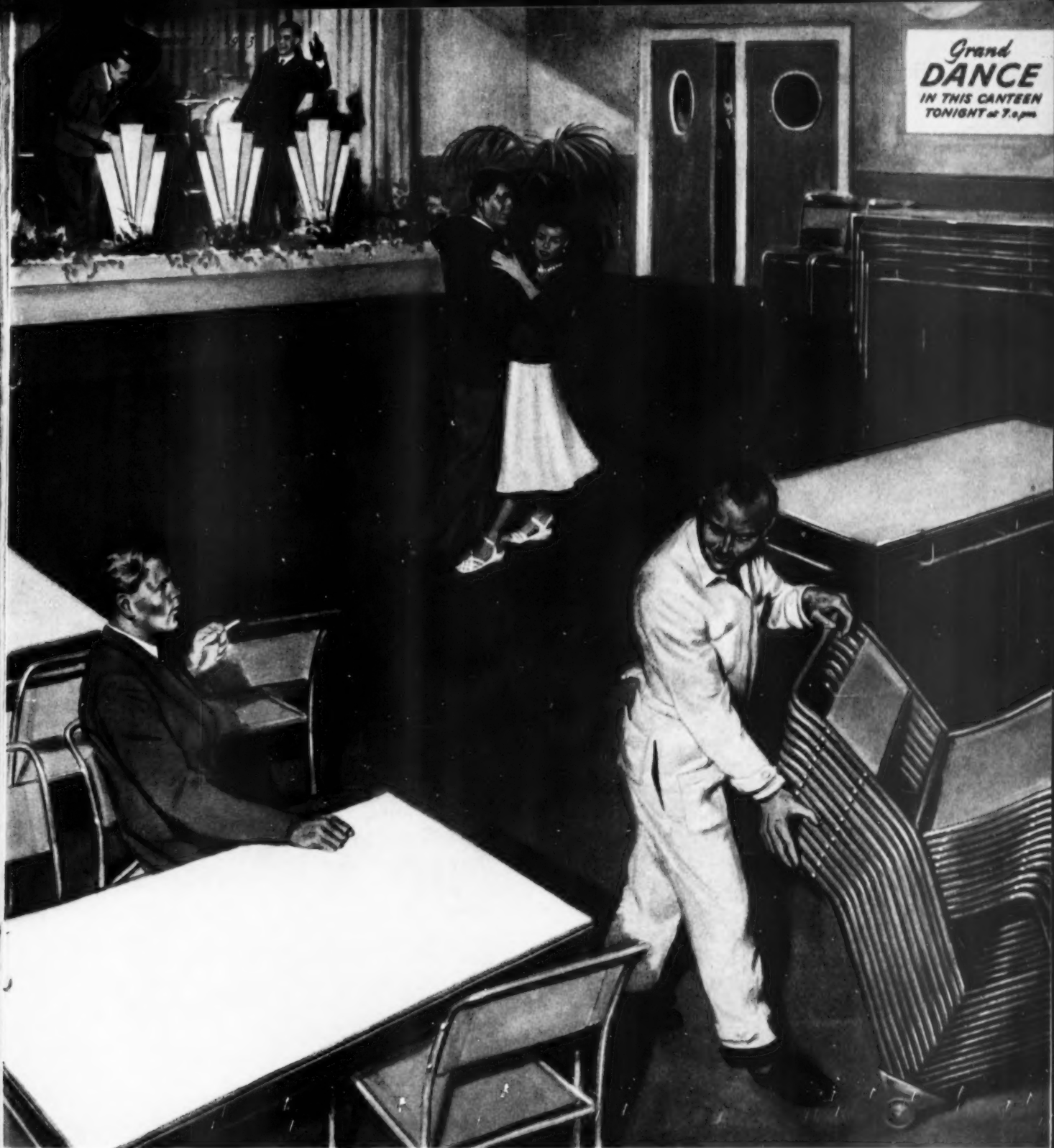
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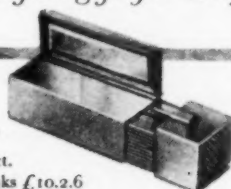
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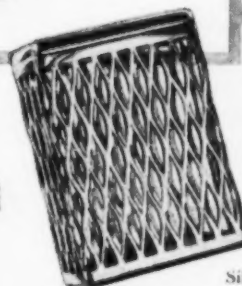


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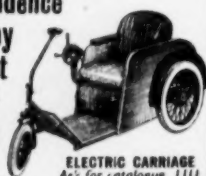
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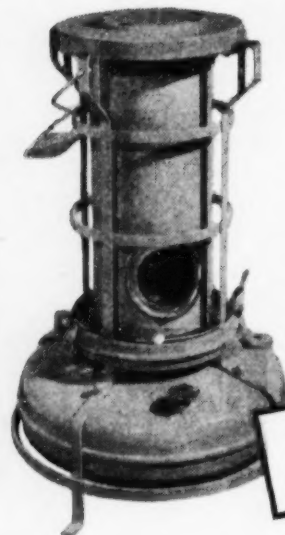
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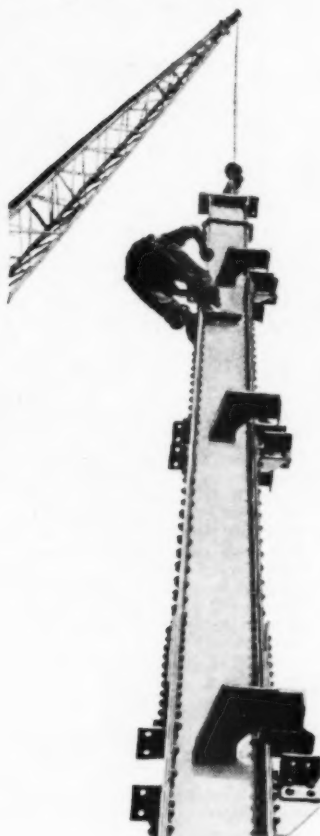
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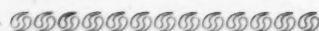


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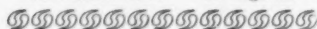
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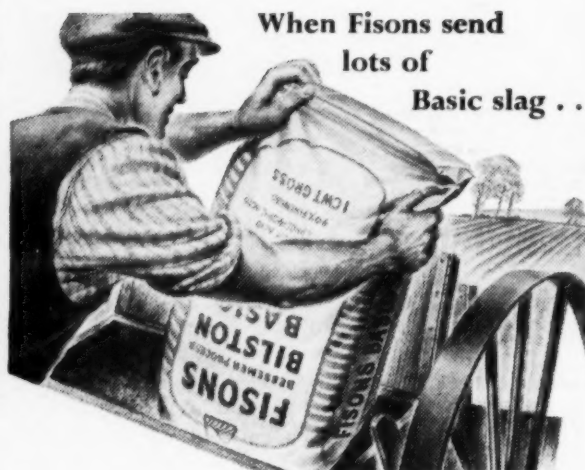
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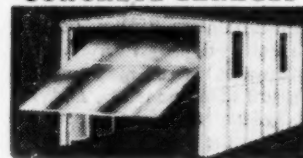
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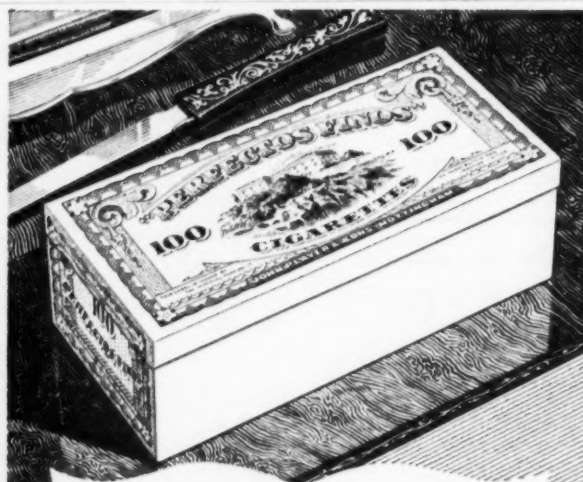
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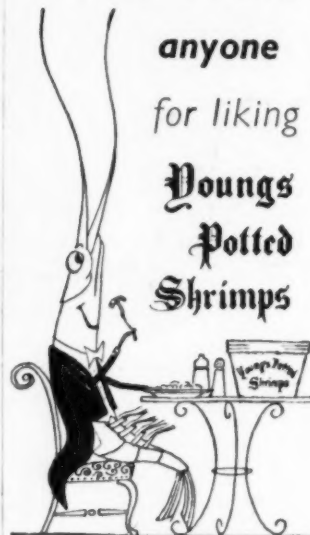
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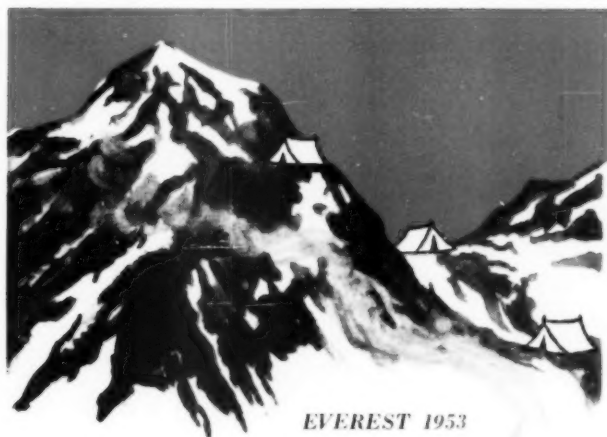


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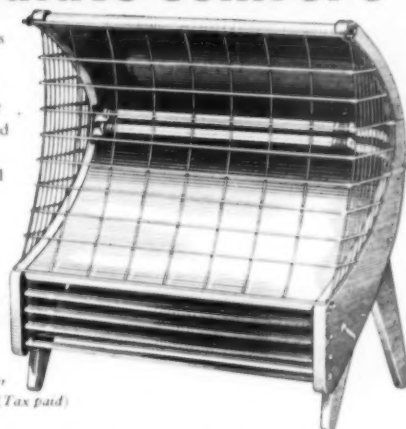
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